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THEN—NOW.

Down by the brook and through the glade
Once hand in hand with a fair maid,
Talking of love and hope I strayed.

The woods were glorious that day
With splendors soon to pass away,
Bright harbingers of swift decay.

Autumnal frosts had silently
Wrought their artistic witchery
On weed and shrub, on vine and tree.

And lo! the woods were all ablaze!
While through the soft October haze
Serenely shone the sun's mild rays.

Oh, earth was gloriously fair!
'Twas very bliss to breathe the air,
And our light hearts knew not a care.

To-day alone I've sadly strayed
By icy brook, through wintry glade.
Cold in the churchyard sleeps the maid.

The woods are bare, the sky is gray,
The sun shines cold and far away.
Earth's splendors all seem gone for aye.

Sweet spring may come to flower and tree;
Earth has no spring for her, for me.
Our spring-time is eternity.

WARE.

THE CUBAN PATRIOT;

OR,

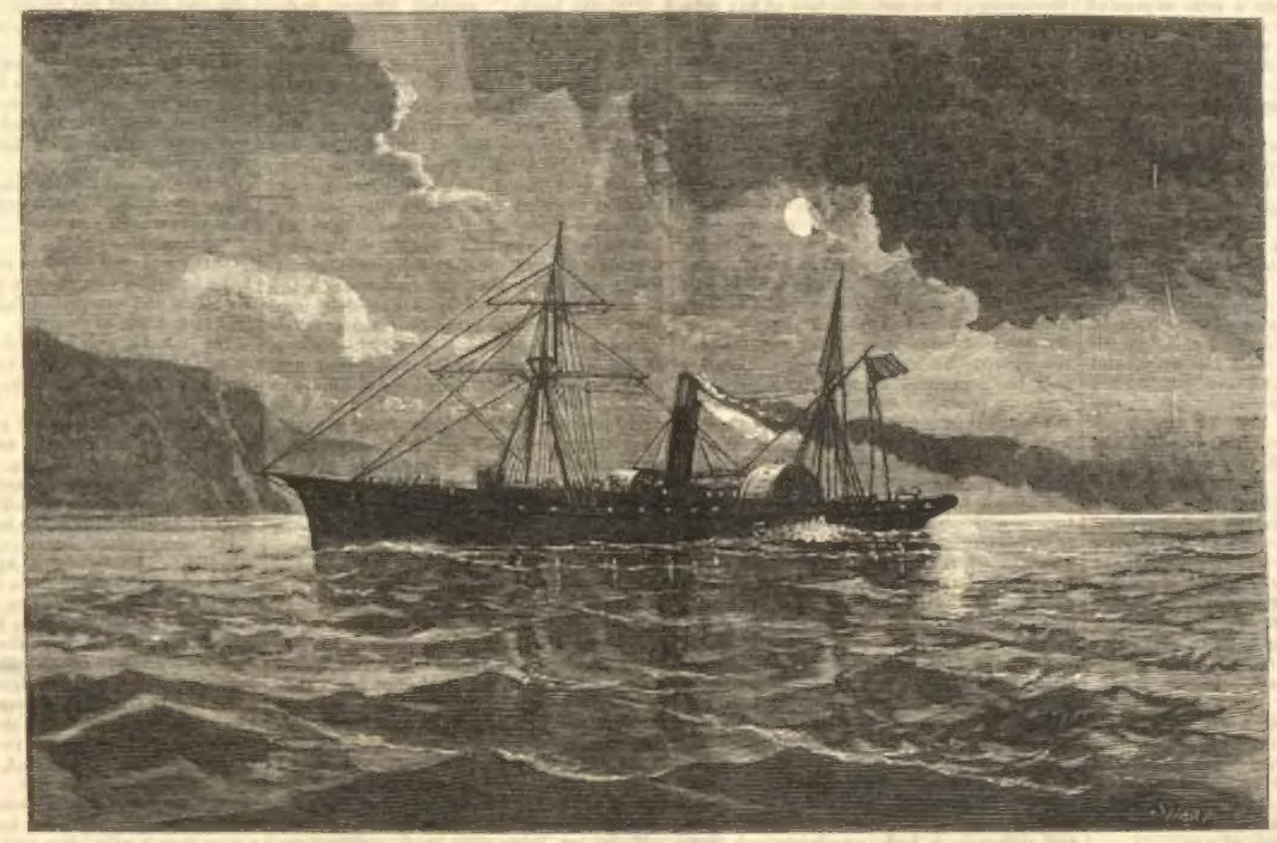
THE PILOT AND THE SPY.

A STORY

Founded upon the romantic realities of the present bitter struggle in "The Gem of the Antilles."

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM,

AUTHOR OF "THE AVENGER YACHT," "THE MASKED SPY," "THE SURF ANGEL," "TRACKED THROUGH LIFE," &c., &c., &c.



THE FOXHOUND APPROACHING THE COAST WITH ARMS AND STORES FOR THE CUBANS.

CHAPTER IX.

HUNTED DOWN.

Who 'scapes the snare once,
Has a certain caution to beware.
—*Chapman's Revenge for Honor.*

It was a late breakfast the following morning at Seaside Rest, for all appeared willing to sleep off the fatigues of the day before; but around the well-spread table the entire party appeared, and the conversation was not in the least constrained, owing to the endeavors of Leon and Colonel Alvarez.

"Now, colonel, if you will ride with me, I will show you the encampment referred to awhile ago, and, Itervan, will you accompany us?" said Leon rising from the table.

"It will give me pleasure to go, and Captain Moreno and Lieutenant Moya had better accompany us," returned the colonel; and shortly afterward the horses were brought around, and the party mounted and dashed off at a rapid pace.

The storm had entirely cleared away, the earth, refreshed by the rain, looked beautifully green, while the air was balmy and inviting, so that all appeared in the best of spirits, for no sooner had they come upon the spot selected for the encampment, than they were unanimous in its praise.

"The very place, within a stone's throw of the coast, and also a secure retreat. Captain Moreno, as the senior officer in my absence you will take command of the regiment, and conduct them here at once, while you, Lieutenant Moya, will remain and accompany me in a ride around the country, for I am anxious to become well-acquainted with my field of operations," said the colonel, delighted with his new encampment.

Declining to accept the hospitalities of the mansion, as its guests, Colonel Alvarez deeming it best to have his headquarters with his men, the party separated, the Spanish officers promising to come to the entertainment to which Leon had already invited them early that morning.

"Now Itervan you must at once visit each member of the band, and let them know of the work before us, while I return to the mansion, for I have a prisoner there to look after," and Leon informed his friend of the adventure of the night before.

"What will you do with him?" asked Itervan.

"I have not fully decided; but I think it is best to keep him a prisoner where he is until the landing of the expedition, and then send him to Cespedes."

"That would be the best plan, I think; now adios, for I must away."

The friends then separated, Itervan to acquaint the members of the patriot band with their instructions, and Leon to return to the mansion to take steps to better guard against the escape of his prisoner.

He found Dido on guard, and through the iron grating discovered the Spaniard moodily pacing to and fro.

"He has made no effort to escape, nor any disturbance, Dido?" he asked the negro.

"He would not be live now if he had," returned Dido with a chuckle, and Leon continued—

"I do not care to starve the fellow, so I've brought him food," and unrolling a napkin, he unlocked the heavy door to hand the soldier the provisions, when with a mighty bound the prisoner cleared the space between them, dashed Leon to the earth, and as quickly hurled Dido from his path as he darted away in mad flight.

"Quick, Dido, after him—no, hold!" cried Leon rising, and in obedience the black hesitated.

"The dogs are ready?" continued the young man, while a threatening smile hovered upon his lips.

"Yes, sir;" returned Dido with a frightened look.

"Good—unloose and lead them into the prison that they may get the scent."

"They tear him to pieces, Marse Leon."

"Did you hear?"

"Yes'ir," and the black hastened to obey.

The jail, or lock-up as it was called, stood a few hundred yards from the mansion, and also a short distance from the cabins of the slaves, and being in a solitary grove, and used wholly as a place for punishment, the negroes always gave it a wide berth; hence Leon did not fear that the prisoner would be discovered by any prying eyes while confined there, and did not hesitate to trust him in so secure a place; but when the bold act of the Spaniard released him from confinement, and he saw him dart down the cliff road leading toward the broad highway, he well knew that he was seeking the spot where his brother soldiers were encamped; and, determined not to allow him to escape bearing with him the dread secret he held, he at once decided to place upon his track foes that would prove most deadly should they overtake him.

In obedience therefore to the order of his young master, Dido stepped quickly to the rear of the lock-up, and opening a wire gate-way, entered a kennel, where were confined three bloodhounds of the most ferocious appearance.

At his presence their dull eyes glittered with a look of anger, and each of them uttered a low, ominous howl.

"Lead them out quickly," ordered Leon, who stood near; and the three blood-loving hounds were brought from their kennel and led into the lock-up, where with low whines they soon took the scent of the Spaniard.

"They'll not fail, Dido?" asked Leon, hoarsely.

"Whatever scent they take, the devil can't pull them away from," answered the negro.

"You are certain they have none other than that of the soldier?"

"They have him sure."

"Let them go."

Like rockets, the three fearful-looking hounds bounded forward with a single yelp of joy, and then in foreboding silence rushed away upon the trail of the Spanish soldier.

"The Lord help him now," muttered Dido, while his master stood an instant in silence, and then said sternly,

"Quickly, my horse! and follow me on the first animal you can get for yourself."

The negro rushed off in haste to obey, for Leon's voice was hard and stern, and in a few moments returned with the fleetest steed in the stables; and into the saddle the young Cuban threw himself and dashed off, followed shortly after by the faithful Dido, also well mounted.

The Spanish soldier had believed escape impossible until the moment of Leon's return to the lock-up, and then discovering in an instant that there was a slight ray of hope, he had struck down his captor and bounded away.

At first he rushed on with terrific speed, knowing from the chase of the night before that Leon was swift of foot, and believing that as soon as he arose to his feet he would be in pursuit of him; but a few seconds of rapid flight proved to him that he was not pursued, and then he looked about him to decide upon the course he should take.

"To the regiment—I must fly; and ah! 'tis five long miles away," he muttered, as with redoubled energy he nerved himself for the arduous undertaking, and sped on like the wind, his mouth tight clinched to save his breath, his body bent forward, and hands clasped firmly behind him to give greater expansion to his chest.

On, on, on, he flew, five, ten minutes, and then suddenly he glanced behind him, and for a few yards he staggered as if in mortal weakness, while his face became livid in its ghastliness.

"Mary, Mother of Jesus, help, oh! help me now!" he almost shrieked, as his eye fell upon three dark forms far behind him, but coming on with fearful speed upon his path.

Again he rushed on, again he bent every energy to the task, and bounded away with a speed that was miraculous for human powers; but still the silent, sweeping forms came on, their very silence increasing their fearful lust for blood.

"Curse him! oh! curse him! If I live he shall die!" again murmured the Spaniard, as another glance behind him showed a horseman also in pursuit, and coming swiftly on after the bloodhounds, now gaining steadily upon their game.

"I have but one chance, the water! the water!" he cried, as he felt his strength failing him; and having now gained the highway, he turned down the broad road in the direction of the sea, whose roar came distinctly to his ears.

Away he sped with greater speed, cheered by the thought that should he once gain the ocean he could throw the hounds off his trail, and being a good swimmer, could keep along the coast for a mile or two, to where he knew some fishermen dwelt, and there seek shelter from his terrible pursuers.

Leon seeing the fugitive's intention, instantly rode across the country to head him off, while the hounds, true to their scent, not sight, kept on along the trail, each moment warming to their work and increasing their speed.

In vain, however, was the manly struggle of the soldier to reach the coast, and he was giving up all hope, when down a by-road he suddenly descried the front of his own regiment marching toward their new encampment, and one long, loud cry, warned them of their comrade's danger.

Staggering, with fatigue, fright, hope, all combined, the soldier tottered on, glanced once more over his shoulder and gave vent to a shriek almost unearthly in its frenzied terror, for the bloodhounds were upon him.

With a mighty bound one grappled at his throat, another clambered upon his breast, the third sprang upon his shoulder, and the terror-maddened man was borne to the earth, and his life torn from him by the blood-thirsty brutes, just as Leon Delmont, with a mighty leap, cleared a hedge and stood upon the spot, while Captain Moreno and a dozen soldiers appeared from another quarter.

In vain were the efforts to drive off the dogs, until Dido's arrival; but he being their keeper they obeyed his voice, and with reluctance relinquished their human game.

"Is he dead?" asked Captain Moreno, his face white with rage and horror.

"He is dead, sir," answered Leon, dropping the pulseless hand of the soldier.

"Dead, sir, and by your hounds; my best man, sir; this must be accounted for, Mr. Delmont," exclaimed the Spanish captain.

"No man can force an explanation from me, señor; to you, Colonel Alvarez, I desire to explain the circumstances attending this man's fearful fate;" and Leon turned to the colonel, who, with his *aide*, just then rode up.

"Assuredly you are not to blame for it, señor?" said Colonel Alvarez, dismounting.

"You shall hear, sir: last night I found the man lying there, skulking around the mansion, and spying beneath the window of my room. I pursued him, and he fired upon me. This morning I placed the hounds upon his trail, and the result is as you see."

"What right had you to visit so severe a punishment upon one who did you no real injury?" impudently asked Captain Moreno.

"The man had no right upon my premises. I regret his fate; but let it be a warning to others who are inclined to spy upon my movements;" and Leon looked the Spaniard full in the face.

"The man had no right there, Moreno. You obtained leave for him yesterday to return to our last encampment to visit a sick friend—not to play the spy upon the movements of citizens loyal to Spain. He has met with a terrible death—but I cannot hold Señor Delmont to blame in the matter, and I will not."

Colonel Alvarez spoke decidedly, and his under officer was obliged to submit, though he did it with a bad grace and an expression upon his face that was most threatening, as he ordered the soldiers to take the body away for burial.

"Dido, convey the hounds home, and keep them closely confined. I thank you sincerely, Colonel Alvarez; and to-morrow evening shall expect yourself and officers, at Seaside Rest."

And Leon Delmont rode off in the direction taken by Dido, his face cool and unmoved, but his heart sinking at the terrible punishment he had brought upon the Spanish soldier.

"Life, home, all was at stake, did he escape—I could not do otherwise, though his death was a terrible one, and its memory will often haunt me," he muttered, as he rode along; and as if to drive away the remembrance, he put his horse to a rapid run, and soon arrived at the mansion.

CHAPTER X.

THE LANDING.

I pray you all,
If you have hit upon conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding but no tongue.
Hamlet.

The night appointed for the landing of the stores from the Foxhound spread over the quiet earth, lending a calm to all nature, and most delighted was the gallant captain of the patriot steamer at the prospect of soon transferring the valuable munitions of war in his vessel to the keeping of other hands than his own.

Having safely weathered the storm which had so nearly brought destruction upon the Tampa, Captain Harold had kept away from the coast until the afternoon of the day appointed by Leon Delmont for his return, and then had ordered the vessel headed for the rendezvous.

As the sun set the distant line of coast was sighted from the mast-head, and each moment the speed of the Foxhound brought the bold headlands out in stronger relief, until only a mile separated the steamer and the land.

With the ship under the guidance of her best helmsmen, the furnaces glowing red-hot to rush on steam at a moment's notice, and every eye on the watch for an enemy or a trap, Captain Harold urged his beautiful craft on with the greatest caution, his right hand grasping the bell connecting with the engine-room, his left holding a speaking-trumpet half raised to his lips.

It was no easy task to run a vessel into that closely-guarded coast, for Spain had the beautiful island almost environed by her fleet, closely on the watch for every aid that might come from seaward for the unfortunate patriots, and at every suspected landing-place had stationed her soldiers; and well did Captain Harold know the dangers, well did he realize the full punishment that would be dealt upon himself and crew should the brave little craft be captured by the Spaniards.

"Forward there! do you discover any boat putting out yet?" called out the captain, hailing a man who was extended at length upon the bowsprit, his eyes intently glancing ahead in the endeavor to pierce the darkness.

"No, sir; there is no sign from the land," answered the seaman; but the moment after he continued, "There is a small rowboat coming out now from the shadow of the headland."

Captain Harold bent his glass eagerly in the direction designated, and his eyes fell upon a small craft propelled by one pair of oars, and with the form of another person in the stern.

It was dark, but starlight, and the direction of the boat was directly discerned to be for the steamer.

"The pilot has not deceived us; now there is hope that the patriots can receive the stores they so much need," murmured the captain in high spirits at the prospect of success.

A few moments more and Leon and Dido were on the deck of the Foxhound, for the boat discovered had been the one belonging to the young pilot, and a most warm welcome was extended by Captain Harold, who after the greeting was over, said to Leon—

"Well sir, what are our chances of success?"

"They are good, captain, and yet difficulties lie in the way, for, since we last met, a Spanish regiment has been sent to this part of the coast, and is now on the watch for your vessel, which has already been reported."

"The Spaniard who chased us the other evening has doubtless telegraphed the news," answered Captain Harold.

"Yes, and you were also discovered by the officers of the regiment I spoke of."

Leon then exhibited to Captain Harold the commissions he bore from Cespedes, and related to him the circumstances already known to the reader, and which gave the sailor instant and entire confidence in his pilot.

"Now, captain, I was anxious to aid the landing of the stores by drawing the Spanish officers away from their regiment this evening, and hence gave an entertainment at my mansion; and but half an hour since I left them there, enjoying the festivities, to come and pilot you in, so we must hasten."

"You are in command, Captain Delmont; I trust all to you, sir," returned the captain, and under guidance of Leon the Foxhound moved rapidly forward, passing frowning dangers upon either side, and in a few moments glided beneath the shadow of the cliff, where she was soon laid alongside of a solid projection which served well as a wharf.

"Now, captain, get the stores out as soon as possible, while I run back to the mansion, for as host I must show myself occasionally. Dido will remain on watch, and in a short time I will send you a dozen strong arms and brave hearts to aid you."

Leon then walked away, leaving the captain to disembark the stores with as much dispatch as could be used, for well he knew the position of the steamer was dangerous in the extreme.

Fortunately the cliff against which she lay was high enough to conceal her tapering spars, and the music and dancing at the mansion drew all the servants in that direction; hence there was a chance that the daring disembarkation in the face of an enemy would pass undiscovered; and yet the risk was fearful, as Leon well knew.

With a smiling face, hiding well the dread secret that lay at his heart, Leon Delmont re-entered the parlors and mingled in the dance; ever and anon, as he passed some confederate, saying simply, "the cliff."

One by one a dozen of the patriot band stole from the parlors and directed their steps toward the spot where the steamer lay, her crew straining every nerve at the arduous work before them.

Meeting Itervan at length, with Faustine upon his arm, while Colonel Alvarez was upon the other side of the fair maiden, Leon signed for him to come with him, and immediately the fair Cuban found herself alone with the Spanish officer.

"Itervan, the steamer is now at the cliff unloading, and I have sent a number of the band to aid. Yet I fear trouble, and I wish you would send some one to the party who are to act as a guard, and let them come nearer to the mansion."

"What reason have you to dread discovery?"

"Nowhere can I find Captain Moreno, and verily I believe he is bent on some mischief."

"He always is for that matter."

"Doubtless; but go now and do as I ask you, while I give a look at the crew of the steamer.

Once more Leon strode in the direction of the cliff, and approaching it with caution, he discovered a man's form slyly watching the work below.

"A spy; well, I'll make him regret this night's work," he muttered, and with a bound he was upon the man, seizing him with a grasp of iron around the neck.

In vain were the struggles of the Spaniard, in vain his every artifice to escape, for tighter and tighter grew the clutch at his throat until at length he sank down powerless to move.

Raising the prostrate form of the man, whom Leon recognized as a lieutenant of the Spanish regiment, he bore him bodily down the steep cliff-side until they appeared in the midst of the crew hard at work.

"Captain Harold, here is a passenger for you. I found him spying your movements from above on the cliff, and please take him with you to America."

"I'll do it, and if he does not behave himself he'll go on a longer cruise; here, Merton, put this man in irons until after we get to sea," and in obedience to the order, the first officer of the steamer led the Spaniard away, for he had now partially recovered from the choking that Leon had given him.

"How near are you to completing the work, captain?"

"In half an hour all will be ashore."

"Good, here are the pack-mules; lively, men, lively, and load them as quickly as possible," said Leon, as some two dozen mules, which take the place of wagons in many parts of Cuba, arrived, having been kept in readiness by several of the patriot band in a glen near by.

Soon every mule was well packed, the cargo was all out of the steamer, and the expeditionists were dividing themselves from the crew and forming for the march, when all were startled to see a woman suddenly bound into their midst.

"Oh, Leon, thank God I've found you!" exclaimed Faustine, for it was she. "Quick and get the steamer away, for word has just come to Colonel Alvarez that several vessels have been sent along the coast to capture the expedition, and Captain Moreno has gone to bring up the regiment, for in some way it was found out the patriots were making a landing."

Faustine spoke hurriedly and with great excitement, but in even tones her brother returned,

"You are a noble girl, Faustine; wait and I will accompany you back to the mansion," and then turning to the commander of the steamer, he continued—

"Captain Harold let your men get at once on board, and hold the steamer only by a line, for in a short time I will return and run you out through a channel where I dare any Spaniard to attempt to follow you; now who is to command this party, on the march to the mountains?"

"I am, sir," and a young man with a manly, daring face and pleasant smile, stepped forward.

"You know the dangers before you?" said Leon, gazing with admiration into the handsome face before him, lit up by the battle-lanterns held by several of the men.

"I know that life is at stake."

"Your name please, for you are an American?"

"I am, sir, an American, and my name is Noel Dunbar."

"Major Dunbar I am glad to meet you, sir, for I have heard of you before. You were the one sent out with dispatches by Cespedes, some months since, and boldly went through Havana?"

"Yes, sir, I thought that was the best way out of the island. I have served the Cubans since the breaking out of the war."

"Indeed you have, sir, and I feel that the march to the mountains will be most nobly conducted. Now you must at once move off with your men, and this gentleman will be your guide," and Leon turned to a young planter who stood near.

"If you are overtaken and attacked by the troops, hold out well, and be assured that you shall be reinforced if there come real need of it. Now hasten."

Adieus were quickly said, and the pack-mules, with their guard of brave patriots, moved off beneath the shadow of the hill, on their march toward the mountains, with Major Dunbar at their head.

As the last of the band disappeared from view, Leon turned once more to Captain Harold, and telling him he would soon be with him, walked off in the direction of the mansion, accompanied by Faustine, who, having overheard the dispatches received by Colonel Alvarez and his order to Captain Moreno to bring up the regiment, had at once excused herself to the officers, and sped away in the direction of the cliff, whither she had last seen her brother going with Itervan.

Arriving once again in the parlors, Leon observed, though the Spaniards attempted to disguise it, that some move of importance was on hand, and his heart sank within him as he thought that perhaps Itervan had been tracked and discovered; but that moment the young Cuban entered the rooms, looking as serene and unconcerned as did his commander.

Noticing their entrance, Colonel Alvarez approached, and said:

"I am glad you are come, Mr. Delmont, for there is a rumor that an insurgent craft has been making a landing on the coast, so I have sent for the regiment, and it will soon be here; but I must ask one favor of you—it is that you will go out and pilot into a secure harbor a Spanish man-of-war that will soon arrive off here, so my dispatches say."

"I will go at once, colonel, and stand out to sea; until your regiment arrives I will leave my sister in your charge; but let me understand you, I am to bring the vessel-of-war into a harbor where she can lie hidden to await the coming of the insurgent craft?"

"Yes, sir, the landing must first be made, and while I attack the party on shore, you must pilot the ship against the vessel that has brought them, so that all can be captured."

"All right; but I may need a pledge of my good faith to give to the Spanish commander."

"True, I had forgotten; here, take this," and hastily scribbling a few words in pencil upon a small piece of officially stamped paper, Colonel Alvarez gave it to Leon, who hastily left the parlors, to first go to his own room and change his clothing.

Hardly was he attired in a more fitting suit for the duties to devolve upon him, when the door softly opened, and Itervan entered.

"I saw your sign, Leon, but could not leave sooner; the party are on the march, and the regiment are now coming up the avenue. What orders have you?"

"As soon as the Spaniards move, you must mount and away, and hold the entire band in readiness to attack should the stores be overtaken. Under no circumstances let the Spaniards gain possession of them; the party has gone by the coast-road, so you will know to act; now I must away."

"Are you well armed?"

"Yes, even to my sword; good-bye, and God help our cause," and wringing the hand of his friend, Leon hastily left the room, and ran rapidly away in the direction of the cliff, while Itervan returned once more into the parlors to mingle in the scene of gayety.

CHAPTER XI.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

Did ye not hear it? No, 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet,—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat:
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar.
—*Byron's Childe Harold.*

Upon the return of Itervan to the parlors, his quick glance at once discovered that so far the Spaniards were ignorant of the immediate presence of the Foxhound, and that a landing had already been made by the patriots.

"Dance away, you hated tyrants," he muttered; "dance away and enjoy yourselves now, but to-morrow ours will be the fun."

Soon he discerned Faustine the centre of an admiring group of Spanish officers, while in another part of the room was Señora Delmont conversing with a few Cuban planters, whom, though they treated their foes with outward politeness, could not but feel a deep hatred for them in their hearts.

Suddenly all were startled by a low rumbling sound, as if of distant thunder, rising above the hum of conversation, and fearing lest it should be observed by the Spaniards, Itervan motioned to the musicians, and immediately he led the dancers upon the floor.

But again, louder came the dread sound, the music ceased, and all ears were strained in listening.

Fiercer, louder than ever roared the sound, now but too well known to be the deep voice of cannon, and at once all was a scene of wild excitement.

The ladies in affright turned pale, while the Spanish officers, seizing hats and swords, stood in readiness to obey the commands of their colonel, who, having with polite apologies left his fair hostess, had adjourned to the broad verandah, accompanied by Itervan.

It was about midnight, and the moon just rising, brightly illumined the sea far and near, and all eyes fell upon a large vessel heading in toward the land, while ever and anon her bows flashed forth fire, and the deep boom of the gun followed.

"Captain Moreno, have the regiment ready to move; gentlemen, we will adjourn to the cliff, and from there can be seen the cause of the firing," said Colonel Alvarez, and he led the way, at the same time offering his arm to Faustine, for all of the ladies had insisted upon going also.

Arriving upon the cliff, at the spot where a few days before the party had watched the escape of the Foxhound, the eyes of all fell upon the quiet waters of the ocean, bearing upon its bosom three vessels, which were heading directly for the little harbor, firing as they came on.

In the basin beneath was discernible the cause of their firing, and an exclamation broke from many lips as they descried the gallant little Foxhound quietly lying there, as if to await their approach.

From the Spaniards it was a cry of joy at seeing their daring enemy almost in their power; but from the Cubans it was an exclamation of sorrow and dread, for they feared that the brave little craft would be sunk before their eyes, and her crew find an ignominious death, should they be taken.

Intently gazing upon the scene, they suddenly saw a thrill of animated action pervade the little steamer's deck; her crew sprang to their posts, and the waters were lashed into foam as her wheels moved, and the vessel sped forward, at first slowly, and then with remarkable speed.

"She has not yet made the landing, so we can do nothing," said Colonel Alvarez.

"Except to look on and see her crew captured and garroted," returned Captain Moreno harshly.

"Perhaps you may be denied that pleasure, Captain Moreno," replied Faustine.

"Ah! you are then the advocate of the insurgents?" said the Spaniard quickly.

"I am always the advocate of the brave, sir," answered the Cuban maiden with spirit; and feeling afraid that his officer might return some unkind rejoinder, Colonel Alvarez remarked—

"See, the insurgent vessel appears to head so as to meet her foes."

"Her actions are certainly strange, for were she to attempt to pass to seaward, our vessels could sink her in five minutes," returned Lieutenant Moya; and again all relapsed into silent watchfulness.

The scene was now momentarily increasing in interest, for the three Spanish vessels were rapidly drawing toward one centre, that of the reef-encircled bay wherein the Foxhound had sought a landing, and from which it now appeared impossible for her to escape.

Firing as they came on, the Spaniards seemed assured of their prey, and yet there was a certain hesitancy in their movements, which proved they could not account for the strange manœuvre of the patriot vessel in rushing directly in their path.

As if in defiance of her adversaries, the daring steamer sped on over the moon-lit waters, until barely half a mile separated her from the men-of-war, when suddenly changing her course, and almost when at the very entrance to the rock-bound bay, she shot away in a direction at right angles with the one upon which she had hitherto been sailing.

Instantly the cause of her movement became evident to all; there was an opening at that point in the reefs, known to her pilot, and through which she could throw her foes astern, and running adown the dangerous channel a few miles, would gain the sea far ahead of her pursuers, unless they had some one on board who also could guide them through.

Immediately the patriot steamer became a target for the angry fire of the Spanish vessels, and the iron hail fell thick and fast around her, now and then gashing her graceful spars and splintering her snowy deck, while her crew did not escape unhurt, as more than one fell beneath the storm of shot and shell.

Eagerly the watchers on the cliff strained their eyes to discover if either of the three war vessels would enter the reef-encircled bay and follow in the wake of the daring blockader, and a cry of disappointment went up from the officers as they saw them sail by, crowding on all steam to endeavor to keep the swift craft within range, and striving hard to cripple her and make her thereby easy game for their boats.

On flew the daring craft, however, bounding merrily over the waves as if in very joy at her escape, while her Cuban friends upon the cliff were congratulating themselves in their hearts at her successful ruse, when far ahead of the Foxhound came a bright flash, and immediately in her path was visible the crowded deck of another of Spain's vessels of war.

A wild cheer, heard even upon the land, came from the crews of the three pursuers, who outside of the wall of reefs were following the blockader along her course, and immediately they opened a renewed fire upon her.

A perfect shout of joy also went up from the land at this sudden change in their favor, and every eye was turned upon the new-comer, which having rounded a distant point of land, had come across the very pathway of the Foxhound, just at the opening in the reefs through which she intended making to sea.

Signals were rapidly exchanged between the Spanish vessels at once, and while two of the trio put back to guard the entrance they had just left, the other pushed on to help the new-comer to blockade more thoroughly the second channel out of the bay.

In the meantime the patriot steamer again changed her course; putting right-about, and steering in more closely under the land, she soon became lost to the sight of her enemies at sea, but still was distinctly visible to those on the cliff. Narrowly watching her every movement, they saw her rush on, almost beneath their feet, until having caused her adversaries to believe she did not intend to attempt the terrible gauntlet, she suddenly came out from the shadow of the land into the full moonlight, steering recklessly, it seemed, through foaming dangers upon every side.

With her smoke-stack casting out fiery flames, which lit up her graceful decks, her wheels turning like lightning through the waters, and her sharp prow cutting through the waves with terrific speed, she rushed on until she darted behind a mass of rocks, and rounding the headland, she gained an offing and bounded seaward through the very channel she had passed over three nights before under the skilful guidance of Leon Delmont.

"Escaped—curses light on ship and crew! escaped, and in the face of four Spanish men-of-war," hissed Captain Moreno, in anger, and then, as though a sudden thought struck him, he said—

"Where is Señor Delmont?"

"The señor is off on a duty for me, sir," returned Colonel Alvarez, and he continued, quickly—

"Captain Moreno, mount your horse immediately, take two couriers and follow along the beach until you discover whether that craft puts to sea, or intends making a landing on the coast, for, from the timeshe has made in running through that channel, she may attempt a landing around the headland, well knowing 'twill take our ships hours to get there to attack her."

Captain Moreno, though apparently disliking the duty, obeyed the order promptly, and calling to two of his best men to follow him, rode away, while the party on the cliff, observing that the Foxhound could no longer be seen, and the three war vessels were already shaping their course to round the point of reefs and follow her up, were about to adjourn to the mansion, when a horseman darted quickly up, and handed to Colonel Alvarez a slip of paper.

By the light of a match he read what was written thereon, and a flush overspread his handsome face, as he said, turning to Faustine and Señora Delmont—

"The insurgents have outwitted us; yonder craft had already landed her stores and men, and all are now *en route* to the mountains; but we can catch them; Señor Alveute." But, as the colonel called to Itervan and glanced around the assemblage, he discovered that that youth could nowhere be found.

"I am sorry, for I wished to ask him to accompany me as an *aide*, as Moreno is now away upon a fool's errand, it seems. Lieutenant Moya, let the men be on the march at once;" and while the young officer was giving his orders to the regiment, Colonel Alvarez escorted Señora Delmont and Faustine into the house, after which he mounted his horse and rode off in hot haste in pursuit of the band of patriots, who had so thoroughly outwitted him and his officers, working hard while the Spaniards were dancing the happy hours away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

[From Scribner's Monthly.]

CUBA AND THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.

Up to the commencement of the present century, no colony was more loyal to its mother country than Cuba to Spain, and the Spanish residents and Creoles vied with each other in patriotism and allegiance.

The political changes that occurred in Spain in the years 1812 and 1820 were followed by corresponding changes in the island, and liberties unsurpassed under the most complete democracy were granted to the people, accustomed to the absolute sway of their rulers, and influenced by that debased public sentiment which is its usual concomitant. A degree of lawlessness and disorder naturally followed, and, when the reaction came, they were made the pretext for inflicting upon them a military despotism which has continued for more than forty-five years.

By royal order of May 26, 1825, Cuba was placed under martial law—the captain-general being invested with the power granted to the governors of besieged towns, and this power has been continued up to the present time. Doubtless this was at first intended to be only temporary, and for the purpose of controlling certain alleged servile insurrections existing or threatening; but with the loss of her colonies upon the American continent and her constantly accumulating needs, Spain each year turned more eagerly to the rapidly developing resources of Cuba, and naturally realized the convenience of the one-man power in drawing them into her coffers.

At this time (1825) the island was in a most flourishing condition. The Count de Villanueva was at the head of the treasury, and we have proof of the high esteem in which he was held by the people. We refer to his administration, because under it commenced that series of encroachments on the rights of the people which ultimately resulted in the despotism of to-day. A man honest and capable, having in view the good of both the mother country and the colony, he acquired such popularity that he presumed to tax the rapidly-increasing products of agriculture without the consent of those affected, and so many were the abuses he reformed that the planters willingly submitted. Thus he was enabled to draw abundant supplies from the island for Spain, thereby establishing two precedents, viz., taxation without representation, and contributions to the finances of the home country from the treasury of the colony, which measures, carried out by subsequent and more exacting officials, have caused nearly all the troubles which have since afflicted Cuba.

After the royal order of 1825, the Spaniards began to entertain the idea that a difference existed between their political rights and those of the Cubans. They came to look upon the island as their own by right of conquest, and upon the Creoles as their subjects. The government, too, acted in this spirit. The Cubans were denied all representation in the Cortes; and although it had been promised that they should be governed by special laws, these laws were never enacted, and they were left to the tender mercies of the captain-general acting under instructions from the Spanish ministry. With careful malignity every Cuban was shut out from all but the most subordinate official positions, and even these were watched with a most jealous eye, and soon made vacant if any ability likely to become dangerous was displayed by the incumbent. As the result, Cuba swarmed with *employés* from Spain, who filled every position under government of whatsoever character, from the captain-general in his double capacity of civil and military ruler to the merest tide-waiter. And not only were the Cubans thus deprived of every honorable position, but they were systematically encouraged in every frivolous, licentious and debasing pleasure. As the cannibals in fable fed their victims with a noxious herb, which destroyed their reason and led them to eat like mere beasts, and so become fitter subjects for the spit, so the Spanish government provided for the natives of Cuba all those light and degrading pleasures, the effect of which is to destroy every manly sentiment and render them fit subjects for tyranny and oppression.

This policy would doubtless have been effective had it not been for the proximity of the Great Republic. Notwithstanding the restrictions of the government, Cubans could not be kept at home. The more intelligent and wealthy among them were in the habit of passing a portion of the year in the United States, and sending their sons to be educated there, and so they became acquainted with the habits and modes of thought of a great and free people. They soon learned to comprehend the policy of the Spanish government and their own debased condition, and this leaven spreading through the island gradually excited a bitter feeling against Spain and a longing to be free from her rule. Cubans began to say, "We are Americans, not Europeans," and to long for a day when the natural right of self-government should be accorded.

To-day Cuba, in its independent relations an outlaw among the nations, stands alone. Maintaining a heroic struggle amid every obstacle, she is confident, as were our forefathers, of that good time coming when victory shall perch on her banners and liberty belong to her people.

Roses a Luxury of the Ancients.

To enjoy the scent of roses, at meals, an abundance of roses were shaken on the table, so that the dishes were completely surrounded. By an artificial contrivance, roses, during meals, descended on the guests from above. The Roman Emperor, Heliogabalus, in his folly, caused roses to be showered down upon his guests in such quantities that a number of them, being unable to extricate themselves, were suffocated in flowers. During meal times, they reclined on cushions stuffed with rose-leaves, or made a couch of the leaves themselves. The floor, too, was strewn with roses, and in this custom great luxury was displayed. Cleopatra, at an enormous expense, procured roses for a feast which she gave to Antony, had them laid two cubits thick on the floor of the banquet-room, and then caused nets to be spread over the flowers in order to render the footing elastic. Heliogabalus caused not only the banquet-rooms, but also the colonnades that led to them, to be covered with roses, interspersed with lilies, violets, hyacinths, and narcissi, and walked about upon the flowery platform.

☞ It is said that a petition has been sent to the Massachusetts Legislature, signed by one hundred and sixty-two women of Lowell, asking that polygamy be made legal.

A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

"Can new pain teach me of pain? or any ecstacy
Be new, that I should speak its name again?"

Ethel Lorne was pursuing her path up Broadway, when she felt a gentle pull of her dress, and turning, saw a child's face upturned to hers—

"Lady, buy one bunch—one little bunch?"

A sweet fragrance stole over her senses, and her eyes grew misty as she took the smallest bunch of dark, dewy violets from the shabby basket, and continued her walk.

Crowds passed her, and the din of the busy city reached her ears confusingly. Flags were gaily waving in honor of the arrival of the Grand Duke, and the street was a vast whirl of fashion and business. She walked on abstractedly—but suddenly her heart stood almost still; she saw a face in the crowd, as one sees a face in a dream—a flash—and it is gone! But she heard the voice of the gentleman beside him say, almost immediately—

"Why Archie, we certainly passed Miss Lorne!"

His companion grew a shade paler and did not reply.

"Yes, 'tis she!" said the other, turning, and not noticing his silence, "she was carrying a parasol and little bunch of violets in her hand."

"Violets?" said Archibald Allison, bitterly; "oh! I remember she had a partiality for them!"

"I expect the little girl on the Astor House steps besieged her," resumed the other gentleman.

"Quite likely!" replied Allison, indifferently.

In the meantime, the object of this conversation was wending her way toward Union Square. The brilliancy of the day was a mockery to her, and also a gay reproach. Every fresh little breeze that lifted the delicate lace of her veil seemed to say, "Enjoy me." Every slanting gleam of sunlight that darted under her parasol seemed to coort a smile or a dimple. She wondered how many there were like her, lost to God's beautiful world, and to the meaning of her mechanically fulfilled duties. She knew that she had walked the desert waste of a year, as one deaf and blind from misunderstanding and unravelled misery. She had not been sick—though as far as sickness went she "died and made no sign." She could spare kindness to others—but it was killing to her since Archibald Allison had gone from her life. Everything wounded her, little accidental occurrences, all had a sensitive significance, all robbed her of that unreality she found so deceptively upholding the mental and physical taxation she had stood with no one as a witness. Did I say no none, when there is One who notes the fall of a sparrow even? Did He not know that this girl sought this dreamy existence to harden her heart against weakness, and her body from nervous prostration—in order that she might be able to seek and endure occupation? Did He not know that prayer died away in the utterance, but that the soul was in a supplicatory attitude almost constantly. Oh, my fellow-mortals—is not life a daily protest against uncharitable conclusions? Is not the thought of Christ—one that stands arraigned against "man's inhumanity to man?"

While we leave this girl walking on faint with recollection, let us recall the circumstances of the previous year.

She had been visiting a friend in Boston, and there Archibald Allison had met and won her. There was at the time a frequent visitor at her friend's house, one Douglas Dyecaster. The first evening that he saw Ethel Lorne, she was standing beneath a chandelier talking to her lover. He regarded her for some time before he was presented to her, and after being introduced scarcely looked at her. Soon Allison was called away by the hostess, and Ethel found this man was talking in a curiously complimentary way, without openly flattering her. He was employing subtle unsound insinuations that strongly repelled her good sense, and when she expressed her disapprobation, he carelessly said—"It was worth while introducing such complex topics to assure so fair an opponent." So filled was Ethel with her new happiness, as to be eventually very abstracted, yet conscious of a positive aversion of which she was truly ashamed.

The day following Allison left Boston on a business trip of some two week's delay at farthest. The second evening after his departure, Ethel was sitting in the library writing her first letter to him, when the servant announced "Mr. Dyecaster!"

She wondered very much why he had not been shown into the parlor, where Miss Clarke was entertaining one or two gentlemen. She arose, however, and received him. He strolled indolently over to the table.

"Ah, I have interrupted you, I see! a thousand pardons!"

"Oh—I have just finished," replied Ethel, in some confusion, fully noted by him.

"In that case," said he, "allow me the pleasure of posting the letter on my way home to-night?"

She quickly picked it up and held it irresolutely for an instant, feeling no inclination to resign it to this man who was standing with outstretched hand, and that smile covering the lower half of his face, which the cynical eyes seemed to pronounce a fraud.

With a peculiar intuition she thought, "It may be as well that he should see to whom it is addressed, after all;" and with a brief "Thank you!" she gave it to him, adding, "We will now join the others in the parlor."

He placed the letter in the breast-pocket of his coat, without even glancing at the superscription, and crossed the hall with her to the parlor.

At the close of the evening Mr Stockton (one of the callers) walked up the street with Mr. Dyecaster, with whom he was resuming an acquaintance, after the long absence of the latter in Europe.

"Miss Lorne is very beautiful!" said Stockton, enthusiastically.

"Very," answered Dyecaster, pausing to light a cigar. "By the way, I have a letter to drop in this box for her. Wait a moment."

"For her fiancé, I presume."

"What?"

"For Allison, I suppose."

"I don't know; but why for Allison?"

"They are engaged," replied Stockton.

Dyecaster removed the cigar from his lips and burst into a long, derisive laugh.

"Absurd!" he said, replacing it and puffing deliberately.

"Why absurd?" said Stockton, with a slight irritation in his voice.

"Allison is as poor as Job's turkey," replied the other, contemptuously.

"He makes sufficient to support a wife, anyhow," said Stockton, quickly.

"Do you suppose mere support would ever satisfy a woman of her luxurious temperament?"

"I think you are mistaken in Miss Lorne."

"Pshaw, that class of women are all alike—beautiful, with æsthetic ideas and cultivated talents, they want a man who can afford to set a jewel of such value handsomely. Only to-night she said life would be a misery if she thought she'd have to count every penny. And, mark my words, her engagement with Allison won't amount to a row of pins if anybody with wider pecuniary prospects comes along," concluded Dyecaster, with a hinting certainty in his voice, offensive to the sensitive instinct of his companion, who refused his invitation to enter, and saw him leisurely ascend the brown-stone steps of his palatial residence.

It so chanced that after this conversation Stockton saw Dyecaster riding, walking or visiting the ladies in question, joining them at the opera, and being regularly and openly devoted to Miss Lorne especially. About ten or twelve days after that evening, Miss Clarke and Ethel had returned from a shopping expedition and found that Allison had been there. They had not expected him before evening. Ethel entered the library and found his card and a bunch of bluest violets. With a charming delight in her lovely face, she sat down in an easy-chair with the flowers in her hand, which she found were tied with a bit of gold cord she had dropped from her work-basket. She then laid the flowers on the card and commenced untying her bonnet-strings, when a sharp ring of the bell pealed through the hall. She heard her name mentioned, and in another second Dyecaster crossed the threshold and was bowing low before her.

An angry flush darkened her face. He had made his attentions so marked, that she had caused her engagement to be mentioned more than once, and now he had *again* asked for her!

He sat down composedly in an easy-chair, remarking: "You have been enjoying this fine day out-doors I perceive.

"Yes, Miss Clarke and myself started out quite early, but excuse me—I will tell her you are here!"

"One moment, Miss Lorne—a few words with *you* first. You leave for New York to-morrow—do you not?"

"I hope to—yes!"

"Do not say hope to so eagerly—for I hope to make you change your mind."

"How so?" inquired Ethel, incredulously, raising her eyebrows.

He lifted a pair of cool, glittering eyes to her's, and was silent. In a moment this woman had lost the simplicity that he deemed so manageable. She knew what was coming, *unavoidably* coming, and she arose, laid her bonnet and lace sacque aside, and sat down again.

"You were saying something about my changing my mind, I believe," she said, with marked indifference in her voice.

He compressed his lips, but soon said steadily: "I think you will change your mind when I ask you to be my wife. I love you too much to spare you so soon!"

There was an insult on the face of this offer, as he spoke with the air of a man who was *certain* of an affirmative reply. She was filled with indignation, but said composedly: "Mr. Dyecaster, you are aware that I am not at liberty to listen to this declaration—I pray you excuse me!"

"Nay—listen!" he said, crossing over and standing beside her. "I offer you more, *tenfold more*, than Allison can even dream of. You are too beautiful for a poor man's wife—too rare a flower to be transplanted into economy," he concluded with a sneer.

Ethel Lorne had risen to her feet. "I must decline hearing more," she said, going toward the door, "were you a Rothschild you could not tempt me; and when at the same time you offer such poverty-stricken honor, I do not hesitate to say you and your money amount to a cipher in *my* estimation!" and the door closed behind her.

He stood still, white with passion. Then his eyes fell on the violets and card. He took the flowers up with a singular smile, and reached for his hat. He left the house as composedly as if he had passed the most agreeable morning. Only an hour before Allison had descended these same steps, and had met Stockton on the square below: "How are you, old fellow; glad to see you!—for more reasons than one!"

"What may that *one* be?" said Allison, pleasantly.

"I don't want to worry you, Archie—but Dyecaster is paying marked attention to Miss Lorne. He is seen everywhere with her. He has tried to take every possible advantage of your two weeks' absence.

The look with which his friend answered him was full of confidence. "I trust Ethel," he said simply, as they parted.

That afternoon Allison was crossing the common, and met Dyecaster sauntering slowly along.

They saluted somewhat formally.

"You are going to Miss Clarke's?" said Dyecaster, with feigned uneasiness.

"Why not?" said Allison quickly.

"Are you not home sooner than you expected to have been?" said the other with caution.

"Yes. Two days sooner; but what has *that* to do with it? Is Ethel—Miss Lorne—has anything happened?"

"Yes—something *has* happened—Ethel—I mean Miss Lorne—is—has—," and his eyes fell upon something in his hand. Allison's eyes followed that downward look, and saw the very flowers he had left for Ethel in the morning, even to the little gold cord with which they were tied. The unconscious flowers spoke *all* to the man's stricken heart. He made one more venture.

"You have just come from there?"

"Yes—she—she—feared your arrival," said Dyecaster, with his eyes on the ground.

"God forgive her," said Allison, wildly turning away, and growing deathly pale.

"Mr. Allison—she is not to blame—you must see that—"

"Enough," said Allison, speeding away. Yes, he was actually running along the path he had been so happily pursuing a minute before.

Dyecaster stood still, looking after him, and under the heavy mustache there lurked a triumphant smile. He flung the flowers over a fence, and pursued his way, slipping off blades of the new, fresh grass as he did so, with a light cane.

* * * * *

That night Ethel stood in the bow window, eagerly awaiting her lover, when the servant entered with a note. She opened it and read:

"God forgive you, Ethel! I leave Boston to-night. A. ALLISON."

She read these lines again and again, then passed up the stairs as one who had a weary load to carry. She sat down upon the sofa in her room, and later in the evening was found totally unconscious. The letter had slipped from her fingers, and her face was buried in the cushions. Days of blank illness followed. She made slight allusion to her suffering, merely telling her friend that her engagement was broken, and that she would like people to know it.

A week after a note was given to her and read:

"MY DEAR MISS LORNE:—

I learn with sorrow that your engagement with Mr. Allison is broken. If it would be any intrusion on my part to say that the interpretation you placed upon my words was because you did not know me, I should not say it, and ask you to become my wife. There is no luxury I should refuse you, and to gratify every whim would be the object of the man who so devotedly loves you.

"Yours, with impatient love,

"DOUGLAS DYECASTER."

A brief refusal to this letter was forwarded soon after its arrival.

A year later, and the evening of the day after Ethel Lorne had passed Archibald Allison in the street, she entered Mrs. Gilmore's crowded apartments in Lexington Avenue. Half the evening had passed, when a conversation was interrupted by the hostess presenting Mr. Allison to Miss Lorne. He bowed, without the faintest hint of recognition. The company were preparing to enter the supper-room, and Mrs. Gilmore had assigned Ethel to his care. He offered his arm without looking at her, and they walked in the gay procession perfectly silent.

He saw her reflection in the long mirror, and her beauty was even greater than his remembrance of it. Her lace overdress fell in fleecy folds over a very faintly-tinged pink train, and a spray of pink and white azalias drooped delicately on her breast. Her rich brown hair was woven in a coronet above the blue-veined temples, and the loose curls in the back were gently held by a pearl comb. The warm flush in her cheeks had faded into a marble pallor, and the heavily-fringed eyelashes swept her cheeks mournfully. She reminded him of an exquisite piece of statuary, and "just as human!" he thought in bitter mental pain.

They went through the farce of eating, and just as the company were leaving the room, the gentlemen were taking little bunches of flowers from the superb centre-piece on the table. Allison saw two or three violets drop from a spray of heliotrope. He picked them up, added a leaf, and when they reached the parlor (where a lady was already singing,) he leaned over her chair, saying coolly:

"I see the ladies are wearing their flowers—will you not accept these?"

She looked at the violets without offering to take them, raised her eyes for an instant to his, and mute with agony arose from her chair—and fell heavily forward.

They quickly bore her from the room, so quickly in fact that the golden-haired lady with the sweet voice had found no interruption to her song.

When Allison returned to the parlor, overwhelmed with memories and the result of his heartlessness, he asked mechanically:

"Who is the lady at the piano?" of a gentleman near the door.

"Mrs. Douglas Dyecaster."

"*What?*" he exclaimed. "But where is her husband?" he heard himself asking.

"He is not here this evening."

Allison was in the little octagonal room where they had borne Ethel in a second. She was just opening her eyes upon Mrs. Gilmore's frightened face—then they turned upon Allison—and closed quickly in keen anguish. He rushed forward:

"Oh, Ethel! Ethel! forgive me! My God! what have I done?"

"Mr. Allison," said Mrs. Gilmore, warningly, "can you not see she is too weak for this?"

But Ethel's eyes had opened languidly, and he was bending over her, entreating her forgiveness. Life seemed feebly asserting its sway in the overtaxed brain and heart. A faint color stole over her face, and she stretched out her hand to him. He sunk down beside her, and Mrs. Gilmore arose and passed out, closing the door upon them softly; and the unconscious object of their re-union was still singing when the hostess entered the drawing-room.

SPHINX.

Lady Flute Players.

A correspondent writes from England: A fashion of, however, a comparatively recent period has returned in greater force than it was ever before displayed, and that is flute playing by amateurs. It is a perfect rage just now, and not alone with young gentlemen, but with young ladies also. It must be confessed it looks a little startling when two or three young ladies arrive at an evening party carrying their flute cases, and in due course of time proceed to take the flutes, put them together and favor the company with some specimens of their skill. But after being present on one or two such occasions the edge is pretty well taken off one's surprise, and female flute players have no longer power to astonish even the most unsophisticated of country cousins, so much is habit second nature. Improvements which lately have been made in flutes have done much to bring them into fashion again, and have certainly been the means of bringing them within the compass of feminine fingers. The delicate covering of the holes, on which so much of the tone depends, is a thing of the past, for the keyed flutes obey the will of the musician by the mechanical inventions with much greater accuracy than ever was obtainable on the old instrument. The fourth finger of a lady would have been her stumbling block formerly; now she is no longer troubled with any fears as to failure from its size or weakness, the instrument-maker having rendered her independent of it.

OUR CONDUCT TOWARD CHILDREN.—A wise and sweet woman suggests, as a sovereign remedy for the uncomfortableness of what we are wont to call the awkward age in boys and girls—that time when they are too large to feel like children, and not quite sure enough of themselves to feel like adults—that we should always treat even the smallest children with the courtesy and consideration that we show to grown-up people, and then they will never feel at a loss as to their reception, thus quite escaping the uncertain and uncomfortable "awkward age." There are few things more important in the right development of a human creature than self-respect—but how is a child to learn to respect itself, if it sees that it is alone in the sentiment—that by no one else is it respected? More harm is perhaps done children by snubbing, than even by weak indulgence. We have all seen homes where the slightest expression of a child's idea on any point under discussion was greeted with—"Who asked *you* what you thought?"—or with some sarcasm such as "Ah, now we shall have the matter settled, Miss Experience is freeing her mind." It is so difficult to hit the right mean. We do not want our children troublesome to visitors—grown-up people do not care to pause in their talk to listen to the unconsidered opinions of thirteen—but what if we tried the experiment of respectful attention for awhile? Would not the young folks stop talking until they had something to say, quite as surely if they saw that their words were listened to with attention, as if they felt that their voices were but beating the air?

THE MYSTERY

OR

Robert Carlingford's Wife.

BY ELIZA ARCHARD.

[CONCLUDED.]

Robert Carlingford greeted his wife very tenderly. She looked a little surprised at the warmth of his greeting, and made a grimace when he kissed her. Her face was strangely flushed, and her beautiful eyes seemed dim and unsteady.

"Alice, dear," said her husband, "I fancied I heard you call me yesterday, up there in Chicago. Wasn't it strange?"

She looked up quickly; a strange gleam lit her eyes suddenly. Then she said, in the harsh, husky tones which had become habitual to her of late—

"What business had you in Chicago?"

"A property-title," he answered, quietly, still with a little of the old spell of the voice upon him. "Alice, did you know this was the anniversary of our wedding-day?"

She laughed, the laugh which sounded so grating and hateful to him.

"Don't you wish it was to do over again, so you wouldn't do it?" she asked, tauntingly.

"I thought you used to care for me, Alice."

"Such an innocent as he is, now! Did you think I married you for love? Love indeed, and a poor, spiritless noodle like you! There were a dozen men I liked better than you, when I married you. You've been a model husband to me, moral, and all that. But I hate models. They are unpleasantly suggestive, you know. I say, don't you wish it was to do over again, so you wouldn't do it?"

Some thought seemed suddenly to enrage her. For she made an unsteady step or two toward him, glaring upon him like a fury, and raised her hand and struck him a blow in the face. Robert Carlingford's beautiful wife was intoxicated. He did not discover it till that moment. A look of shame and fierce loathing crept over his face, and he went silently away and left her. Down-stairs a messenger from his lady mother awaited him. She demanded imperatively to see him without a moment's delay. He went at once. At the door of the stately ancestral mansion, stately *madame mere* met him in a towering rage.

"Either you and that woman must leave Wakeham before to-morrow night, or I will," she spattered wrathfully. "As long as the creature was only vulgar and loud, and wickedly extravagant, I put up with it. If you chose to be a donkey and carry the load on your back, it was no part of my business to interfere. I washed my hands of you and your affairs, long ago. But when a coarse, low-bred creature drags the name of Carlingford in the dirt, by her disreputable goings-on, I don't propose to stand by and see it done, you understand. Your wife's name is a jest on the public streets, and you are a poor idiot. If you are willing to be rolled in the dirt along with the creature, I'm not. I wish she was in purgatory!"

"Mother, I believe she is crazy," broke out Robert, passionately. "I believe she is crazy—on my soul I do. If you had only known her as she was when I married her!"

The drops stood on his forehead, and his harsh mother pitied him, as she looked at him.

"Only take her away from Wakeham, my son," she said, a little more kindly, "and I will do anything for you. Bring your boy to me—I will be a mother to him if I can; but only take that woman away."

"I will, mother."

As he went down the steps and home again, he said to himself—

"A crazy wife is better than a drunken wife."

They went away next day. Of the handsome fortune which had been Robert Carlingford's, not much was left. His beautiful wife had squandered it recklessly as an insane woman, and Robert Carlingford, in his sorrow and disappointment, had let her do it. What was a million to him without the lost dreams? He gave his wife all the fortune that remained to him, and went his way. His wife was glad to be rid of him, and told him so. He wandered off to the wide West, still a lonely, sorrowful man. He grew brown and bearded under the California suns, and stalwart and sinewy-armed amid the mountains. He found rest somewhat in work, but the lost dreams did not return to him. Sometimes, in his sleep, on the mountain-side or in the lonely valley, he would seem to hear an angel voice calling him again, in sweet, thrilling tones—

"Robert! Robert!"

And then he would start up in his sleep, and listen eagerly, only to wake and find himself alone in the lonely night. In the autumn he returned to civilization. At Chicago he found letters from his mother, also others from friends. Of his wife there was no good news, nothing pleasant or hopeful. He had no hope before, except perhaps a slight hope which he would have been ashamed to confess to himself, a faint hope that she might be dead, and her reckless follies buried with her. But she was not. She was alive, running still the same mad round of wild gayety and extravagance. He intended never to see her face again.

It was in the early days of October, 1871, that he came to Chicago. Till the latest day of time, Chicago people will not forget that October, 1871. Because, in the history of Chicago, that month and year will go down to coming generations as the date of the Great Fire. But once in modern times has a parallel to it been known—the great fire of London, in the seventeenth century. It came upon the people of the doomed city, on that night of biting cold and fierce wind, like a foretaste of the day when the heavens and earth shall be consumed by fire, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat.

Robert Carlingford had been to church with a friend on that fateful Sunday evening. They had gone home together, and were talking cheerfully in the warm, bright parlor. There had been a destructive fire the day before, and the prompt, brave Chicago firemen had had trouble to extinguish it. It was a mercy, people thought, that the fire was put out before the wind had set in so strongly toward the north, else the North Side must have suffered more or less. So the North-Side people, in their comfy frame houses, talked and thought, last night after going home from church. They shivered a little, and drew closer to their fires, as the fierce wind howled without.

Suddenly the fire-bells pealed a wild alarm. What was that? "Could the fire have broken out again?" the North-Side people said. Still the fierce wind howled like a demon, and still the brazen-throated fire-bells pealed. The fire on the South Side was now distinctly seen. North-Side people began to look serious.

The fire-spirit came riding on the wings of a devil.

Messengers came breathless to say that the flames had crossed the bridges and were racing northward with fearful speed, licking up everything in their track. North-Side people began to pack their furniture, and talk of removal. Families began to fill the streets. Still the fire-fiend raced northward. They could hear the rush and roar of his awful wings, they could feel his scorching breath against their cheeks. And now white-faced messengers came with fearful tidings: The fire-fiend had attacked the beautiful and costly waterworks, the lake was cut off from Chicago, and the whole North Side must go. There was no hope. North-Side people threw down their valuables, and began to think frantically of saving themselves. Robert Carlingford snatched up the two little children of his friend, the father took the eldest boy hastily in his arms, the wife took care of herself as best she might, and thus they fled wildly away from their late happy, sheltering home. They ran northward at first, ran till they were weary and breathless. Each time they paused to rest, the fire-demon pursued them and dislodged them. It seemed as though he would not pause in his awful course till there was not a house left on the North-Side to be destroyed. Finally Robert Carlingford's friend said:

"Let us make for the lake. The fire will not surely go farther than to the water's edge. It is better to be drowned than burned to death."

So they ran to the lake, down on the sandy beach itself, and let the fire-demon sweep on. Robert Carlingford placed the two frightened children upon the sand beside him, and wiped his forehead, panting and breathless. There was but one building very near them, on the lake-shore, and they were comparatively safe from the fire. The flames cast their red, fearful glare far and wide out over the water, and shot its lurid light across the old house near the lake shore. Suddenly Robert Carlingford sprang to his feet. It was the exact spot where he had stood, more than a year ago, when the angel voice had seemed to ring down out of the blue Heaven and call his name, the voice he had many a time heard in his dreams. He looked eagerly at the old house, with its curious tower.

A wild cry sounded on the air at that moment. A voice of terror and frenzied entreaty, which sounded above the roar of the fire-demon's wings. And the voice called this:

"Robert! Robert!"

Robert Carlingford darted toward the old house. He knew now the voice came from there. Twice before in his life he had heard the voice call him thus, and now it sounded like the cry of a prisoned angel, calling to him for rescue. He tore his hair and wrung his hands like a madman.

"Oh! my God! where are you?" he screamed.

Still the thrilling angel voice, crying now frantically:

"Robert! Robert!"

The voice came from the highest window in the tower.

"Open the window!" he shouted wildly.

But the voice came down faintly, despairingly:

"There is an iron grating on the inside."

"God help me!" prayed Robert Carlingford.

"Come by the staircase," said the voice, yet more faintly.

He darted to find the staircase. The flames had already seized the old house. Could he have time to save his angel? Smoke began to fill the passage. The infernal roar of the wings whirred in his ears. As he groped through the smoke to find the tower staircase, a hand seized his arm. He looked and saw by the fierce glare a woman half-dressed. She thrust herself before him and tried to shove him back. He pushed her aside with a terrible oath and groped madly on. Another hand seized his arm. He looked again and saw the German girl who had been there a year ago. She pushed something into his hand. It was an axe. She pointed to the left. The scorching glare revealed a dim passage-way and a staircase. The fire-devil was nearer and fiercer. He sprang up the stairway with a great bound. The deadly smoke was slowly rolling up the stairway too.

"Quick! For God's sake, where are you?" he shouted again.

But there was no sound. Was his angel dead already? He smote madly upon the walls. There was no light, no answering sound. Robert Carlingford beat his breast. The red glare of death began to light the black walls. Then he saw a heavy oaken door at the end of the passage. He sprang to the door and battered it with all his might. He would have given his life for five minutes of time. Would the door never yield? Great drops of agony rolled down his brow. At last the door gave way. The flames, which began to scorch his cheek, showed him the interior of a room. A white form of a woman lay in a doubled-up heap upon the floor. He snatched a blanket from the bed and wrapped it over the doubled-up heap and caught the light form—it was no heavier than a child's—up in his arms, and bounded down the stairway. The fire-devil clutched at him as he sped past, but he went on blindly, pressing his face against the burden he held in his arms, to keep the smoke from strangling him. Half-way down the staircase, he stumbled and fell over something. It was a prostrate human body. He lost his footing, and rolled over and over again to the bottom. He clung desperately to the white burden in his arms. He picked himself up. The fire-devil had cut off his retreat; the flames had seized the bottom of the stairway. Was there no hope? The fire-devil blistered his hands and seized his clothing. The flames were all around him now. Suddenly he heard the crashing of glass, and a man's voice said:

"Come this way! The window!"

The fire fiend laughed and hissed and screeched in his ear. He pressed his face tight against the white burden in his arms, and held his breath, and defied the fire-fiend. He turned blindly in the direction of the voice, and leaped like a lion straight through the blaze. He struck a casement of some sort, and fell again, and thought all was over. He felt hands pulling at him, and thought he had been burnt to death, and they were preparing him for burial. Then he knew no more.

When he came to himself he was lying stretched out upon the sandy shore; his hands were swathed in bandages, his head was bound up too, and a group of people were looking anxiously down upon him. He remembered all when he glanced up at the place where the old wooden house with its curious tower had been. The tower had fallen in a mass of ruin, and the fire-devil had passed gleefully on. He turned his eyes from the smoking ruins back again to the group bending over him. He looked among them questioningly, eagerly, as if there was something he did not find. A shadow seemed to come between his eyes and the flickering glare of the departing flames. An angel in white garments knelt beside him and laid her lustrous head against his breast, and murmured softly:

"I always believed you would come."

For the shadow-like form he had carried in his arms was the form of the real wife of Robert Carlingford.

His eyes closed again, again it seemed to him that he was dead and they were about to bury him, and then again he knew no more for a long time. He had been terribly hurt and shocked, his hands had been burnt severely, and when the kind friends, who were watching desperately, had dragged him and his precious burden through the window, he had left his hair, eyebrows, and luxuriant beard behind him. They had been scorched entirely away, as he struck his head against the casement and came so near falling back into the flames. He well-nigh left his life behind him too. He had struck his head so hard as to inflict a very painful wound, stunning him completely. He would have fallen for the last time only that friendly hands caught him as he sank away, and hung on and tugged till they brought him safe out. But he had clung with a death-grasp to the tender burden in his arms. His life had been saved to him by a hair's-breadth. His hands are all scarred and stiff, to this day, from that heroic leap through the flames. They will be so till he dies. A hospitable roof a few miles from the ill-fated city sheltered him and the homeless souls who were with him on that awful night of fire. Loving hands tended him, and as he came again to consciousness, an angel face, which did not vanish away into shadow, smiled back into his eyes, and an angel voice called him Robert!

You are dying to know the meaning of this mystery. So you shall. Were there two Mrs. Robert Carlingfords? Aye; there were, a true and a false one—one the real angel of Robert Carlingford's life, the other, anything but an angel. The story was a strange, extraordinary romance, founded on the accidental resemblance of two beautiful women.

A man and woman came in on a Western train one day to the city of Edgefield. Both seemed almost like pale spirits from the shadow-land. Under his velvet travelling-cap, the man had a silk handkerchief bound about his head. One of his hands was bandaged up, and both seemed almost helpless. Yet he was a noble, handsome-looking man, and the lady tended him with fondest care and watchfulness. Their fellow-travellers noticed all that. They also noticed that the face of the lady, while a face of wonderful beauty and sweetness, wore a look as of one who had been long watching and waiting for something, with the forehead drawn into faint lines between the eyes—the look of women who dwell by the sea-shore, and watch far out at sea for the coming of loved ones. And though the lady must have been still young in years, there were some few silver lines in her lustrous hair. Also she was thin and white as some beautiful spirit. But she seemed as happy as she was lovely.

The man and woman drove to the residence of Mrs. Robert Carlingford. But she was no longer there, and the property had passed into other hands. Mrs. Carlingford lived in lodgings. They drove to the lodgings of Mrs. Robert Carlingford. She met them at the door, Sweet Alice Lorne's double, the beautiful, bold adventuress who had cheated the true wife out of her place on her husband's breast, all these years. She recognized Robert Carlingford and his true angel. She did not faint, or shriek, or have hysterics. Not an hysteric. She was a woman of nerve. She could have sawed off her own right arm. She comprehended all at a glance.

She accepted the situation.

She invited them into her slovenly, tawdry sitting-room, and gave them chairs with the air of a princess of the blood. She was a consummate actress by nature, as indeed she was by profession. Madame Carlingford's guess was correct. She had been a shining light of the horse-drama. She looked at Robert Carlingford.

"So," she said, "our little farce is played out."

"Yes," answered Robert Carlingford, "I think it is."

"Where did you find her?"

Sweet Alice raised her radiant, tender eyes to the woman's face, and answered for him:

"In Chicago at the Great Fire. God sent my husband to save me from being burned alive, in the house where Mrs. Grubbs had kept me a prisoner for six years."

"Where is Mrs. Grubbs?" demanded the woman.

Robert Carlingford answered:

"After I had heard Sweet Alice calling me, and while I was rushing through the hall of the old house like a madman, trying to find her, a stout woman seized my arm, sprang before me, and tried to keep me from my wife. But a horse could not have held me. I found the tower stairway, and released my angel. Half-way down the stairs, as I leaped down with my darling in my arms, the foot of the staircase already on fire, the air full of the awful, stifling smoke, I stumbled and fell over a human body. The woman who tried to stop me in the hall had tried to follow me up the tower staircase. She risked her life to keep me from my wife. Long after the fire was all over, we found among the ruins where the tower had been, a few pieces of human bone, and a little heap of white ashes."

The only trace of tender feeling Robert Carlingford ever saw the beautiful actress exhibit, passed like a fleeting cloud over her face. She turned her head away a moment, and when she looked back toward them, her face was slightly pale. And she said in a low voice:

"She was my mother."

Robert Carlingford and his angel looked at each other, but they said nothing. What could they say, indeed? After a moment, the woman who had worn Alice Lorne's name so long, went on:

"Yes, she was my mother, the only friend I ever had on earth, the only woman I ever knew, except your humble servant, who had any strength of mind. I hate women! I flatter myself the little stratagem of good Mrs. Grubbs and myself was rather brilliant. In the whole course of my somewhat eventful course, I must say I never met with two other women capable of executing so bold a plot. Mrs. Grubbs could keep a secret. Admirable woman! I have no objection to telling you the whole story. Likewise I agree to tell you the truth. I always do tell the truth when it will suit rather better than a lie. I have the honor to be an ex actress of the sensational school. My mother before me was likewise an actress, and one of no mean powers. From her I inherited a daring spirit, also a daring ambition, an ambition of which ordinary women can form no conception. Sir and madame! I give you my word of honor that in three years' time my fame will be world-wide. Mark you that! In our travels, my mother and I had often heard of Alice Lorne, on account of the remarkable resemblance she bore to myself. It is my impression there is some relationship between us, though I don't care to investigate the subject. I'm glad no women are kin to me! In my secret heart I never believed Miss Lorne was as beautiful as myself, until I saw her, unknown to her, once. Then I gave up the point. Miss Lorne was as handsome as I was, although her face is not capable of the brilliant and versatile expression which I can throw into mine on occasion. But the resemblance was most extraordinary. The spiritless little schoolmistress, your pardon, Mistress Carlingford, was my exact double from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, and most extraordinary to tell, a queer scar which disfigured my left wrist was repeated in the left wrist of my sleepy little double. It is the most remarkable thing I ever observed in the whole course of my eventful career. To this day it puzzles me beyond creation to understand how a saint and sinner can look so much alike.

"Well, it immediately occurred to me that some day I could turn this remarkable resemblance either to my advantage or amusement. I turn most things to my advantage. To know how to do that is one of the fine arts. I recommend you to turn your attention to acquiring the knowledge immediately, Mr. Carlingford. From the state in which you will find your finances, I judge you will need it. But money is nothing. A fool can get money!

"I had heard that my slow little double was engaged to a very grand gentleman. It is my habit to always pick up items. It is useful to me. In short, I find, in vulgar parlance, that it "pays." But it never occurred to me to personate my double in the striking character of a rich man's bride till the Honorable Mr. Carlingford met me in —— street at Wakeham and called me Alice. Then the boldest, most brilliant scheme of my life entered my fertile brain. We had just come to Wakeham, and it promised to be the dullest season I ever encountered in my line. I had a fancy that I should like well, for a time, to play the role of fashionable lady of the first rank. I threw up my engagement at Wakeham, went into retirement, and began to rehearse for the character of Alice Lorne. To one of my ability and unconquerable pluck the plot was easy. My invaluable mother seconded me in everything. She went to Brinton and played in an exceedingly humble capacity. Not a soul ever suspected her. She ingratiated herself completely with the respectable ninnies who constituted Alice Lorne's acquaintances. They called her good Mrs. Grubbs. It occurs to me to say, by way of a general remark, that respectable people are the most stupid idiots in the known world.

"Good Mrs. Grubbs went with you to Chicago, on your wedding-day, Mrs. Alice Carlingford. She invented some beautiful lie, which touched your sympathetic nature. That was her way. I never could learn to lie so beautifully as she did, somehow. I was waiting in Chicago with a dress, which matched yours to the last basting thread. As you neared Chicago, my invaluable mother brought you a cup of tea. She improved its flavor with something which made you so sleepy by the time you reached Chicago that you couldn't have told whether you were in Chicago or in the moon. She most skilfully and scientifically picked your husband's pocket, also, just before you came to Chicago. Oh! I'll never see her like again, never! If I had her now, I could conquer the world. She remained with you in the sitting-room while your husband went to see after his baggage and his lost pocket-book. She calculated exactly the time he would be gone. She had a mathematical head, that admirable woman. She pretended to pick the pocket-book up from the floor. She came back in a moment, and told you your husband had sent her to you, and asked you to go to the hotel in the carriage with her, as he found it necessary to accompany the luggage in the wagon himself. You were foolish enough to go with her. What a fool you were, to be sure! Had you not been the innocent lamb you were, our plan would have been harder to accomplish. If I had a daughter, I should not train her to be an innocent lamb. By the time you had been five minutes in the carriage you were sleeping so soundly that my mother might have thrown you into the lake, and you would never have known it. The moment you were gone, I, your unworthy double, darted into the place where you had been, just in time to welcome my new husband who had married you. My mother took you to the snug tower we had built for you. In the morning, as you began to be awake, my mother gave you some more nice tea to drink, and you went to sleep again. She kept you drugged as long as she dared to do so, and after that gave you some powerful brandy. You weren't used to it, more the pity for you! it made you at first delirious, then sick, so you really were violently ill for some weeks."

"You fiend!" groaned Robert Carlingford.

"There! there! you really must not give way to such unchristian feelings. You distress me exceedingly. What can you do? My mother is dead. You might send me to prison. What good? You wouldn't wish the true mystery of Robert Carlingford's wife to go into print, would you? Be calm, my friend, and control your feelings. I have reached the bottom of your aristocratic pocket, deep as it was. In an hour I leave this place. I shall never trouble you more in this life. Listen to me.

"When you recovered from your sickness, Mistress Alice, your friend Grubbs told you that you had been insane a year, that your husband had left you to her care, with orders never to let you leave that tower, for fear something would befall you, and then, heart-broken with grief, he had gone on an exploring expedition to central Africa, to be away several years, and she was to take the kindest care of you, meantime. And you believed her, my baby, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Sweet Alice, "I did."

Robert Carlingford groaned again.

"To be sure you did. Women are such sappy-headed things! And there you stayed until Satan sent the Chicago fire, and I, instead of you, passed for the grand Mrs. Robert Carlingford. I, instead of you, spent Robert Carlingford's money. My mother kept you in the tower, and told her few neighbors you were her insane daughter. People are not inquisitive about a mad woman. And I have been a fashionable woman of the first rank for six years. Faith! I'm tired of it. Propriety stifles me, and my experience is that there is more real sly devilry going on under the rose in the ranks of fashionable upper-tendom than in the whole disreputable profession of theatricals. I go! I leave you and your pokey good man. If I have spent all his money, I have also maintained you comfortably on it for six years. I begged five hundred dollars of him the very first morning I began my career as Mrs. Carlingford,—to set you off housekeeping. There came near being a little awkwardness once, when you saw your husband and called him from the window. But we settled that. Perhaps you recognize your diamond and turquoise ring, which also came near occasioning me a little awkwardness, owing to not being in my possession till my mother borrowed it for me. I hereby return it to you with many thanks for the use of it. I leave you your husband and my son. That boy would be a serious inconvenience to me in the brilliant career I have marked out for myself. I go where my genius will have room,—where it shall dawn on the world and shine like a star! Allow me to bid you a respectful and eternal farewell."

She bowed with exquisite grace, and went out alone. Was it a tear she brushed from her eye as she passed outside the door? I do not know.

As she left them, Robert Carlingford and his angel looked silently at each other a moment, and then, by a blind impulse, rushed into each other's arms. "I hope," says Dickens's Agnes, "that real love and truth are stronger in the end than any evil or misfortune in the world." Let us all hope so, all our lives!

So the two women, one the shadow of the other, parted. A few weeks after, old Madame Carlingford left Wakeham forever. She went to a city a thousand miles away from Wakeham, to live thenceforth with her son and daughter-in-law. People were surprised beyond measure. But the very few of the old family friends who ever saw the Carlingfords in their new home, were utterly amazed and confounded at the inexplicable change which had taken place in young Mrs. Carlingford, now the sweetest, brightest, loveliest woman that ever was the household angel of one of the happiest homes on earth. It is a happy home, happy as Paradise. Real love and truth will fill any home with happiness. Remember that. Madame Carlingford loves her daughter with the utmost tenderness of a strong nature. She is almost the only person who knows the story of the Mystery of Robert Carlingford's Wife.

And the lost dreams came back to Robert Carlingford.

A little while ago a theatrical troupe visited the place where the Carlingfords live. It belongs to that curious, spectacular, sensational, extravaganza school which has become so popular of late years. The fame of this troupe is world-wide. Among them is a woman of dazzling beauty and brilliancy. Foolish young men fight duels over her, and weak-headed youths go crazy for love of her. She likes it and laughs at them. She is a woman of extraordinary spirit and much genius. Showers of flowers and gold and diamonds fall in her path like fairy gifts, wherever she goes.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlingford took their little boy to see the troupe once. His childish eyes were transported with joy at the beautiful show, the fairy-like dancing and the magic transformations. The scene closed with some exceedingly beautiful, dazzling movements and evolutions by a trained troop of Amazonian warriors. Round after round of applause burst forth at each graceful turn of the beautiful creatures. The leader of the band was the woman we told you of. They disappeared behind the scenes at last amid thunders of applause. All but the loveliest, the leader. She turned a moment, at the end, toward a certain quarter of the audience, smiled and kissed her hand with fairy-like grace, and vanished from the scene. The crowd gaped with wonder, and knew not what it meant. But Robert Carlingford suddenly grasped his wife's hand and held it passionately in his own.

For the leader of the troupe of Amazons was the woman who had called herself the wife of Robert Carlingford.

A SHOWER OF ROSES.

BY MISS MAY MEREDITH.

He is sitting in the library, this early summer morning, his back toward the low window, opening on the piazza. The breeze, laden with the fragrance of flowers, blows softly in, and tosses across the high white forehead, a few stray locks, white occasionally a stronger breath rustles the leaves of the book over which he bends. He must be deeply absorbed in what he is reading—some romance of yore, perchance—for he does not notice a stealthy step behind him, nor look up, as a rose falls suddenly on the open page before him. With an impatient gesture—involuntary, perhaps—he throws the pretty flower from him, and reads on. But again he is interrupted, and this time, by a whole shower of buds and blossoms.

With a sigh he puts down his book, and glances round. Effie Vernon has entered the room, by the window, and as his gaze falls on her, a bright light overspreads his countenance.

"Effie," he says, "what a waste of roses! They will be faded and stepped on long before the day is over."

"Think you so, Sir Bertrand? May I not be allowed to offer such homage as I see fit to bestow upon you this day of days, when your lordship attains his majority, and expects all the world to bow before him? Surely these bright, beautiful tributes of my devoted allegiance to the master of Bentnor Hall deserve a heartier welcome than you have given, and a happier fate than to be left here to be trodden upon by the first careless foot that crosses the threshold! If you, Sir Bertrand, doom my pretty, though humble offerings, to so sad a death, I suppose I must submit, but remember that in doing so you lose me as a friend. I am anxious to be from to-day your faithful vassal; but unless you stoop and raise those poor flowerets, now fading at your feet, I cannot serve you as I would. Choose, therefore, between a forced obedience to your will and the glad service that comes of a grateful heart;" and with a pretty assumption of dignity, she draws herself up and waits for his reply.

He glances at the graceful, girlish figure before him, and an amused smile breaks over his face. But, suppressing it, he answers, in a tone of assumed haughtiness:

"Mademoiselle, you profess yourself as offering me the homage you think my due, and in the same breath you speak of your obedience to me, as conditional. Your words are not consistent, mademoiselle. Besides, it is my prerogative to accept or not, as I choose, the homage tendered, and you have not the right to dictate to me. On the contrary, I have rather the power to command you to gather up those same emblems of the allegiance you profess. However, upon consideration of your extreme youth, I will for the nonce, overlook this very palpable breach of loyalty, and forgive the words you have uttered, as well as the unheard-of presumption of entering my presence uncalled for. You need wait no longer. My concessions, surely must satisfy you."

And with a wave of his hand he prepares to resume his book.

But she is not so easily disposed of.

"Pardon, sire," she says, approaching the young man and standing before him, "but have you fully weighed the effect of your words? Are you quite prepared to renounce the—the—all—allegiance I have offered you?" And the slightest shade of color rises to her cheeks as she speaks.

"Your affection," he says carelessly, "Ah, yes, I forgot that which seems the growth of a day, but as it will probably fade away as quickly as it bloomed, it is hardly worth considering. Besides, the love of my subjects makes very little difference, provided they exact my commands," and he turns away.

But she seems persistent.

"Do you remember, Sir Bertrand, that you are deliberately choosing my hatred."

He looks round quickly, but after a moment's glance, replies in an indifferent tone:

"Oh, yes, I remember it."

"And recollect that I do not easily forgive," she says, in a low voice. "By refusing to pick up my flowers, you have seriously offended me, and with me, an enemy is always an enemy. Adieu, Sir Bertrand!"

He does not speak nor move as she approaches the door. With her hand on the knob, she turns and looks at him. In a second he is beside her, and has grasped both her hands.

"Effie," he says tenderly, "Effie dear, does this farce mean anything? Surely you are not in earnest about the flowers, are you, my pet?"

She turns away as she answers:

"I am, Bertrand. Will you not pick them up for me?"

He could not see her face, or he would have wondered at the playful smile which seemed ready to break into a laugh.

As it is, he draws her across the room, and places her in the chair from which he has just started. Then stooping low upon one knee before her, he gathers up the roses, one by one, and tosses them into her lap.

"You accept my submission, gracious, my liege?" he says. "And in token thereof, you permit your most faithful subject, thus, under the rose, to kiss your hand."

But the little hands are buried deep under the flowers, and she draws back with the reddest of the rose glowing in her face.

"What is the matter, little Effie?"

"Oh, Bertrand"—after a pause—"I am so, so foolish. Do you know why I wanted you to get those roses for me? Because—Bertrand—because Isabel Staunton said you would not do what I asked you, and I was angry, and said I knew you would. I was only jesting when I first urged my request, but, when you refused, her words came back to me, and I was determined you should do what I wanted. It was very foolish, perhaps, and wrong to attach so much importance to a trifle, but I could not bear to be disappointed, and so I pretended to mean more than I did till you yielded. I was glad then for a moment, but when I saw you picking up the flowers just to please me, then, Bertrand, I thought how mean I had been, and how kind you were, and—"

"So that is your trouble, wicked one? I do not think I can forgive you, unless you promise me a birthday-gift, a gift I will cherish above all things. Can you guess what that is?"

Who could mistake the meaning in the eyes that seek hers, or the deep emotion of his voice?

Turning, she places her hands in his.

"You may have the gift, Bertrand, but it is of little value."

"Let me be the judge of that," and a radiant smile steals over his face.

After awhile she speaks:

"But your mother, Bertrand? Would she not choose a rich bride for you, rather than me, a distant cousin, whose impetuous, childish ways have often caused her a sigh?"

"No, Effie. My mother has encouraged my love for you, and has always held out the hope that one day I might win you. Darling, do you know what I was reading when you came?"

"What was it, Bertrand?"

He draws the book toward her, and lays a rose across the open page. He reads aloud, putting his hand on hers, which she has folded together on the table, as she leans forward.

"And wilt thou have me fashion into speech
The love I bear thee, finding words enough,
And hold the torch out, while the winds are rough,
Between our faces to cast light on each?
I drop it at thy feet. I cannot teach
My hand to hold my spirit so far off
From myself—me—that I should bring the proof
In words, of love hid in me, out of reach."

She does not speak. Only one little hand slips out of his clasp, and moves the rose, and lays it underneath the two last lines—

"Nay, let the silence of my womanhood
Commend my woman-love to thy belief."

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THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1873.

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LETTERS FROM ZIG.

THE OLD SONG.

It's a pack of rubbish, so it is, and the tiresomest nonsense this side of Congress. Besides that, it's a story. A lot of learned doctors who think they know everything, when they don't know half as much as they think they do, have met together and "resolated" that one prominent cause of the ill-health of the American branch of the human family is sour bread; that the cause of sour bread is that women are ignorant of housekeeping, and the cause of women's being ignorant of housekeeping is that they learn to play the piano. Ergo, the cause of American ill-health is piano-playing. Oh, gracious!

When there isn't one girl in one thousand that can play the piano decently. If they ever learned anything on the piano, even if piano-playing were the cause of sour bread, we could put up with a little sour bread once in a while, for the sake of the music. But we don't have good bread or good music either. The learned doctors say that the bad music is the cause of the bad bread. It's a li—bel on our sex.

For Heaven's sake, don't blame the sour bread on the piano-playing! It's too much. Women have sins enough to shoulder without that. I say, and I will prove it to you, that in at least eight cases out of ten, the sour bread isn't the fault of the women at all. It is the fault of the men. You'll open your eyes at that. That's what I want you to do. Listen, I pray you:—Here, in the city, we never have any poor bread upon our table, unless, perchance, we have now and then to buy a loaf of baker's bread. I despise baker's bread. My mind's eye can always trace out the tracks of the millions of nasty roaches which have galloped over it, and the marks of all the dirty paws which have handled it, before we have the pleasure of putting it down our throats. I have my prejudices. An objection to baker's bread is one of 'em. And in the limited number of households in which I am acquainted hereabouts, also there is never any poor bread. We have had as many as five different bread-makers at our house, average housekeepers, neither better nor worse than other women, and still we always have good bread. But when we go among our friends in the country, it is very different. They have sour bread, black bread, hard bread, heavy bread,—all the changes of mean bread that the human guilet ever had to take down. And our friends in the country are nicer, more painstaking housekeepers than we are, too.

What's the reason?

The reason is poor flour. Emphatically, poor flour. I would defy Solomon's model woman in the Proverbs to make good bread out of poor flour. The country flouring mills, as a rule, are a perfect abomination. I don't know what's the reason of it, not knowing the mysteries of flour-making, but I do know what I'm talking about when I say that the cause of eight-tenths of the sour bread in America is the bad flour the bread is made of. We tried all the different brands of flour in one part of a city bigger than Boston before we could find any flour out of which we could make a decent loaf of bread. We did our best; we doubled the quantity of yeast, we fumed and sweated, we scolded and tore our hair, all to no purpose. We might have plucked our heads bald, and it wouldn't have helped us any, only that we found out at last what was the only good brand of flour in all this part of the city. Only one real good article of flour, mind you, out of half a dozen or more brands. We stuck to that, I assure you, when we found it, like a drowning man to a hen-coop. But the time we had to pound it into the understanding of the masculine portion of our household that no flour but this particular flour would do! It is easier to teach a woman how to drive a nail, than it is to make a man understand that one sort of flour isn't as good as another. It's so particularly easy to blame all the mean bread on the women, you know!

One who is not a practical housekeeper has no idea of the difficulty of getting good flour. Even in the matter of brown flour, where it would seem that there was nothing for the miller to do but to grind up the grains of wheat, you can't imagine the trouble there is in finding an article which you can use at all. You attempt to make a batch of brown biscuit, after the most approved style of model cookery, and you turn out a panful of objects which would do for boulders to pave the streets with. You think you will have a nice, healthy Graham pudding for your breakfast; you know how to make it, too, and you make it just right, and turn out as a result a black, bitter, sandy mess which would cause dyspepsia in the stomach of an ostrich. An ostrich might thrive on a diet of tenpenny nails, but he never could stand such a mess as that brown flour pudding. Oh, no! He'd grow as pale and interesting as a school-girl who lived on slate-pencils and vinegar. I've tested this business of flour over and over again, and I speak "by the book." The best housekeeper in America can't make good bread out of poor flour. You can put a peg down there. Defects of oven and that sort of thing may be remedied, but there is no earthly remedy for bad flour. And so far as I've noticed, two-thirds of the millers in America do make poor flour, and never make anything else. I think you may put a peg down there, too. Didn't I tell you bad bread was the fault of the men?

I've noticed too that it's much the same way with coffee. There is as much difference in the kinds of coffee as there is in the kinds of people, or dogs, in this world. Some people always buy a miserable, inferior coffee, already browned, like enough, stale as a ten-years-old fashion-plate at that, and adulterated besides by the grocer, and bring it home to the housekeeper to make a palatable cup of coffee out of. You might just as well try to make a good cup of coffee out of a Patent-Office report. Though, to be sure, there is more art in making coffee than in making bread, and more depends on the cook. But very often muddy coffee, watery coffee and bitter coffee ought to be traced back to the grains of coffee themselves, and not to the grain of the cook. I have learned this valuable bit of knowledge from experience, and I know what I know.

Yet it's all the fault of the blessed women. Oh, yes! American dyspepsia is all caused by reason of American girls learning to play the piano. Dear me, yes! Oh, wise Sir Oracles! It's the fashion of the time to shoulder all the sins of ill-health upon sour bread, just as it is sometimes tobacco, then again whisky, now tight-lacing, then tea and coffee, or mayhap not getting sleep enough, which cause all the devilry in this world. It's sour bread just now. Sir Oracle has said it twenty times. Last week he said for the twenty-first hundredth time, probably, that our dyspepsia came from bringing up American girls ignorant of housework. I wish to the gracious goodness Sir Oracle would quit harping to all everlasting upon that old cracked string. He said that the American girl was sent to school and taught to talk and sing, and to know no end of book-learning, but at the same time to despise housework as something beneath her. Consequently, when she was married she was a good-for-naught, a servant had to be hired, the servant made sour bread and ruined her master's stomach, that ruined her master's brains, and he failed in his business, and all things went to eternal smash. Such a ridiculous mess you never heard! As a matter of fact, there isn't one American girl in five hundred, no, nor middle-aged American either, who can talk entertainingly for an hour at a time. Conversation is a lost art, old people tell us. As to the book-learning, it's my opinion American girls haven't enough to hurt 'em. At least it hasn't been my fortune to meet that sort. Finally, as to the matter of keeping servants. More than half the families in America don't keep any servants at all, very good families they are too, some of them, and well to do. Highly respectable ladies do all their own household work, and make good bread too. I would like that pompous Sir Oracle to understand that the rich people who have counting-rooms and hire Irish girls are not everybody in America, nor the half of everybody. Sir Oracle says it's the "æsthetic tastes" of American women which do the mischief, that a lady with "æsthetic tastes" can't be a good bread-maker. Fudge! I'd like to pull his old ears for him, just to wake him up a little! Æsthetic tastes won't hurt anybody. A taste for the beautiful and artistic will make a lady all the better housekeeper, will prompt her to seek always to make her home healthy and attractive, and her cookery one of the fine arts. Where the average American girl is a wretched bread-maker, it's not on account of piano-playing and æsthetic tastes. Heavens, no! It's on account of pure laziness.

There is entirely too much harping on this everlasting theme of bringing up girls to housework. It's exactly as if you should make the average American young man split kindling-wood for twenty-five years, and do nothing else, just because he will probably be married some day, and have to split kindling-wood in a house of his own. Any girl with average common sense and a willing heart can learn all the essentials of plain, neat housekeeping in three months' time. Where girls don't so learn it, it's usually because the willing heart is lacking. Among my acquaintances is a nice girl who has worked in a factory ever since she has been grown, until recently, when she married a nice young husband. She scarcely knew the smallest thing about housekeeping before her marriage, and now if you were to go into her house, you would think she had been a Yankee housekeeper a hundred years. Her bread and coffee are the very nicest possible bread and coffee, and her house is as neat as a pin. She does all her household work, and has three "boarders" besides. It's all because she just set herself to work, and—tried her best. If she knew a housekeeper who made particularly delicious bread, or especially fragrant, tempting coffee, she went to that housekeeper and learned how to make it just so. She did the same with other fine dishes. She kept her eyes and ears open. She learned things from books, from magazines, and newspapers. I say any girl with a willing heart can do the same thing.

So for pity's sake let us all have good bread all the time, and stop the mouths of men with it. Let us all learn to make it. It is not so very hard. But remember we must make the growlers always get us good flour first. Good flour is the moral of my sermon. We must have good flour, good yeast and a good oven.

Any fool can learn to make good bread. I believe I could do it myself. ZIG.

☞ No good that the humblest of us has wrought ever dies. There is one long, unerring memory in the universe, out of which nothing fades.

THE Spring is here—the delicate-footed May,
With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers;
And with it comes a thirst to be away
Wasting in wood-paths the voluptuous hours;
A feeling like the worm's awakening wings,
Wild for companionship with swifter things.
—*N. P. Willis.*

☞ To love one that is great is almost to be great one's self.—*Madame Necker.*

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

DEAR POST.—The lovely weather of the past week which has brought forth in the great garden of nature the tender green of bursting leaf and springing grass, opened the blue eyes of modest violets, and filled the soft air with drifting clouds of apple-blossoms, has also brought forth upon the promenade the brightest and cheeriest of spring styles. Among these, first and foremost, comes

THE BONNET,

woman's crowning glory, and without which she sinks into comparative insignificance. It has been stated that a woman's self-respect depends very much upon the number of pins she has to dress herself with, but to say that her happiness depends almost entirely upon the number and general becomingness of her new bonnets would be much more to the purpose.

For two years we have had no pretty bonnets. The most absurd shapes have been fashionable, and because fashionable must be worn. Ladies have been in despair, and when fully equipped for the carriage or the promenade, have hesitated ere taking that last look in the mirror, knowing full well that the image reflected would be sadly marred by the finishing touch imparted by the bonnet.

At last it is possible to speak a kindly word for these ancient and time-honored head coverings. At last we have another shape than the Rabagas—yes, verily, a number of shapes, every one an improvement on the square-crown coronet-fronted affair, over which so many sighs have been breathed.

The *Japanese* is the name given to the newest shape, and the one which will doubtless lead the style the present season. It is a light, graceful little affair of black net with trimming of thread lace, a sprinkling of rose-buds and dead leaves, and the slightest tint of pink in the ruching over the forehead. The bonnet is in itself a pretty shape, sitting more closely, and giving more protection to the side and back of the head.

The *Farina* is another stylish little hat with low sloping crown, a medium coronet which widens into a point at one side and is fastened to the crown with appropriate trimmings. It is very jaunty and especially adapted to girlish beauties. The *Lucca* is another shape that is much liked, and will divide honors with the *Japanese*. It is rather queenly looking, with a square high crown and turban front and strings tied at the back of the neck under the coil, which relieves the plainness occasioned by the present style of hair-dressing, and is tasteful and becoming.

Last, not least, comes the *Normandy*—an exact counterpart of the Swiss and organdie Normandies of the little misses, in everything but color and material. The adult Normandy has a large high black lace crown and small flaring brim of chip or straw filled in with lace and tiny bows of narrow ribbon, forget-me-nots, moss rose-buds, or whatever floral decoration fancy may suggest. On the top is an Alsatian bow. A small curtain finishes the back, which is additionally ornamented with lace lapels fastened with a jet or steel dagger.

ROUND HATS

have been merged into the bonnet, and exist no more save in name. The shapes are all the same, and the only difference that can be made is in the strings; but as the strings of the bonnets are now tied at the back, the effect is quite lost. All hats are worn well back upon the head, and braids and frizettes, and crimps and puffs are displayed in all their elaborate vanity.

STREET TOILETS

show many novelties, but the most noticeable is the *Redingote*—a new style of polonaise, close fitting in the back and loose in front, but usually belted in with a sash, which is tied in a large bow at the left side, with long ends which hang to the bottom of the skirt. In this garment there is an affectation of plainness which need not deceive any one into the belief that the cost is thereby lessened.

It being the fashionable garment of the season it is, thus far, only made in costly and elegant materials; and so far as ruffles and puffs go, it is perfectly plain, being entirely free from those bewildering labyrinths that have played so important a part in the toilets of the last few years. Elegant silks and camel's-hair cashmeres in pearl gray, fawn and bronze tints are the fabrics usually selected. Sometimes it is trimmed with black velvet of the finest quality, falling collar, cuffs and pockets, and a double row of large buttons being required; at others large oxidized buttons take the place of the velvet ones.

The Redingote, for carriage, is fashioned similarly to that of the promenade, but the material is white crepe cloth outlined with white yak insertion and bordered with white yak lace.

IN JACKETS,

lace is destined to supersede all other materials, and several novelties in shape have made their appearance, the prettiest among which is the half fitting sailor, with Dolman sleeves. The richest are composed of insertions of guipure, bordered with guipure, and ornamented profusely with colored ribbons. Whether the last-mentioned innovation can be looked upon as an improvement, is entirely a matter of opinion. It cannot be called correct taste, but fashion sanctions so many vagaries that almost any departure is looked upon with leniency—

"And seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

MORNING COSTUMES

made up for the summer's sojourn at fashionable resorts, are exhibited in all leading houses, and are frequently of dark blue foulard dotted with white, and forming a polonaise which is ornamented down the back with a broad band of batiste, buttoned over with immense buttons, covered with batiste but embroidered in the centre with blue. And here it may be well to mention that the newest costumes are trimmed the entire length of the back, irrespective of shape or material. Skirts to morning costumes are kilt-plaited, or have two medium flounces running quite around the skirt. The fashion of trimming the front breadth differently from the back ones, is numbered among the things of the dead and forgotten past. Where the polonaise is of foulard, as described above, with trimming of batiste, the skirt is always of batiste, and the flounces headed by a band embroidered in blue.

TRIFLES

pertaining to the outfit show quite as many variations as do the more substantial elements of the toilet. Parasols that last year took the walking-stick form, and annoyed everybody with their length of handle have disappeared, and no one with the least pretension to style, will this year attempt to rescue them from the oblivion to which they have been consigned, by even a glance at their departed glory. The parasol of to-day has a short, thick handle—so short, in fact, as to necessitate holding the arm so high as to be tiresome, if not painful, in order to raise the frail shield above the head. These short, club-like handles are mounted in gilt or silver, with knobs or crosses of ivory, agate, ebony or shell, and usually furnished with a chain to attach them to the belt. Blue and plum-color are the favorite shades. Gauze and grenadine veils are now worn, to the almost total exclusion of dotted lace. The very latest are cut in half-handkerchief style, and bordered with gray fringe, matching the shade of the gauze.

Striped lisle-thread stockings, to be worn with English walking-shoes, low-heeled and thick soled, are seen in all furnishing-houses, and will be more than ever popular for country wear.

Gloves less than two buttons are not seen, and to be thoroughly fashionable from three to six are required. A few ladies can boast ten-buttoned gloves, but it is a source of great pride with them, as all experienced ladies know that a ten buttoned glove cannot be bought out of Paris.

OLIVE KING.

THROWING KISSES.

Girlie on the stairway, mother up above;
Girlie's eyes and mother's full of tender love;
Girlie's little fingers throw a hurrying kiss
Right to mother, loving, fearing it to miss;
Mother throws one downward to her golden hair;
Girlie cries, "They're meeting, mother, in the air!"

By and by the girlie stands all, all alone,
Looking sadly upward for her mother, gone
Up the heavenly stairway. Girlie, standing here,
Knows the mother surely, surely must be near,
If she throws her kisses up the golden stair,
Will they meet the mother's half way in the air?

HOME AND SOCIETY.

"NOTHING TO DO!"

It does not seem possible that in this work-a-day world—this busy bee hive—there should be a preponderance of drones, and it is not the case—but yet there are hundreds of young ladies in society—ah! and even some wives, who have literally nothing to do but to eat, sleep, and dress themselves for visitors or the promenade. To be sure they can tell you the latest fashions, and the contents of the last novel, but that is all. Miss Chameleon made me a call the other day, and said with a slight yawn:

"Ah, me! what shall I do? Really I have no occupation—*nothing to do!*"

Poor child! who could but pity her? And yet the world has work enough for all its inhabitants. Some one is ever in need of assistance; there are in every place the hungry to feed, and the naked to clothe, and the sick to visit; "for the poor ye have always with you," and the old Latin maxim also tells us that "*to labor is to pray.*"

There seems to be no reason why most women, and even those who are so fortunate as to possess male relatives who are both able and willing to support them in idleness, should not be taught some trade—some vocation which would enable them to earn their own support when occasion makes it desirable for them to do so. Why should they not learn some occupation, the same as their brothers, by which they could lessen their hours of idleness, and in case of necessity, secure to themselves some means of independence? The famous Dr. Watts of England said on this subject: "I must confess when I have seen so many of this sex who have lived well in the time of their childhood, grievously exposed to many hardships and poverty upon the death of their parents, I have often wished that there were more callings or employments of life appropriated to women, and that they were regularly educated in them, that there might be a better provision made for their support.

"What if all the garments which are worn by women were so limited and restrained in the manufacture of them, that they should all be made only by their own sex? And what if some of the easier labors of life were reserved for them also? Surely this would go a great way toward their relief."

This was written over twenty-five years ago, and many channels of labor have been opened since that time; but I would have the daughters of the affluent taught some trade in their youth by which they could, if need be, become self-supporting in their age.

Mrs. Farrar, wife of Professor Farrar of Cambridge, Mass., born of affluent English parents, on the Continent, was taught book-binding in her girlhood, and at the age of seventy-five and eighty used to delight her friends with presents of very pretty portfolios made by her own hands. She had learned to make them while in the book-bindery, and had never forgotten the trade.

"Our girls" can learn to cut and make their own dresses, make their own hats and bonnets, and the hundred and one fancy articles which are required for a lady's toilette, without detracting from their position in society. They can use their fingers to some advantage in this way, and greatly lessen their bills for the season. Certainly the putting together of lace, flowers, ribbons, etc., is a pleasing occupation not to be despised or decried. They should banish from their minds the idea that the chief object of life is to become stylishly-dressed puppets—mere butterflies in the sun; and then they would find that—

"Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-cyrens that lure us to ill."

There is no doubt that many of our girls are deliberately educated to idleness. Of course I allude to those whose position in life places them beyond the necessity of earning their livelihood (or *dressyhood*, as it might now be termed). And it is only in America that one sees a professed class of idlers.

In England high-born ladies are never without occupation; they have their schools on their estates—their mission-schools in the cities; they cultivate their flower-gardens, drive, ride or walk, and one does not hear the terrible words, "NOTHING TO DO!" from their fresh, bright lips.

There are but few ladies of fashion—occupants of our magnificent parlors and drawing rooms—who possess a very intimate knowledge of the historians, essayists and poets of the English language. Perhaps most of them know the names and somewhat of their reputation, but yet possess, as it were, only a speaking acquaintance with them.

The *finished* damsels of our stylish establishments are far better read in the intricacies of the toilette than in the pages of poets and philosophers. And the frivolous accomplishments of these schools do not fit our girls to battle with life and come off victorious.

They may have become familiar with the terms and names of science and literature, so as to be able to converse upon them in a *namby-pamby* manner, but the thin veneering of their education soon cracks off with the wear and tear of their existence.

Dr. Johnson grossly insulted a fish-woman in the market by calling her a *philologist*. The term would not be any better applied to many fashionable ladies in our *haut ton;* for even if they can read, write and spell properly, they are rarely familiar with the history and construction of their mother tongue. Newspaper articles upon this subject are not uncommon, but I fear they do not excite in the minds of parents a desire to place their daughters in such a position that no circumstances can reduce them to utter poverty. It is not *the fashion* to educate girls so highly; hence they are restless and unhappy unless in a constant state of excitement. The wheel of fortune is ever turning, however, and those who are millionaires to-day may be very poor men a month hence, and then regret the uselessness of their daughters. Do not, my friends, let the cry of "NOTHING TO DO" be heard from your daughters' lips. Teach them not only to speak various tongues, and to play and sing with proficiency, but also to keep books and to bind books, to make portfolios, correct proofs, translate foreign correspondence, copy law papers, etc., etc., and prepare themselves for a time when such knowledge will be not only remunerative, but *needful for daily bread.*

"Labor is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth."

DAISY EYEBRIGHT.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF OUR NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE,

AND

Semi Centennial Anniversary of our Franklin Saturday Evening Post.

All the land is alive with the exciting promise of the good time coming, when the Independence of our country is to be held up to the admiration of the world. The Vienna Exposition adds just now to the interest which the event awakens, our own and other nations contributing to the grand universal collection of the arts, sciences and industries of both hemispheres. There is a vast, brilliant and instructive exhibition now displayed at the capital of the Austrian Empire, which foreshadows the far-greater event which our own Centennial promises. More grand and more glorious because better identified with the universal hopes of the peoples of every nation upon earth. But give the Vienna Exposition all the credit its magnificence deserves.

An enthusiastic German, Berthold Auerbach, sends across the broad ocean a cordial greeting to his fellow-countrymen in America; and in this eloquent appeal, he makes a reference which strikes me as being especially interesting to the publishers of the Franklin Saturday Evening Post, now at the time of their semi-centennial anniversary. This old family favorite was founded in Benjamin Franklin's printing office, and of him our German enthusiast, writing about the glories of his Vienna Exposition, says:—

"FRANKLIN AND GUTTENBERG.

"Imagine that on this 1st of May, a man is walking through these halls, on the banks of the Danube, a man who belongs to Europe as well as America. He was a disciple of the German master Guttenberg, but also in his life and mind a self-made man. Dare I undertake to recall Benjamin Franklin? Nearly a century before this day he was to meet the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria—Joseph and Benjamin were brothers, sons of one mother, HUMANITY. Benjamin Franklin, walking through this gigantic collection of labor, thoughtfully, but with beaming countenance, stops in front of that apparatus which has made lightning speak, which has caught lightning and made it harmlessly sweep past the peaceful habitations of men, and now it speaks over continents and through oceans—onward he paces and a new devotion, as it were, beams from his mild features. Here is the age of power concentrated where striving leads to elevation of life. What would the Olympian games be, compared with the Forum of Humanity? It is a wonderful greeting to the working man, the presence of all this finished work. Onward walks Franklin, and with a feeling of intense joy he contemplates the ingenious and well-considered means to instruct—here is the academy of labor, here is the genuine university."

And so this hearty, intelligent German goes on. We have not space to follow him, but we will here add, by way of parenthesis, a thought that our Vienna friend might so much more emphatically have expressed, and which we regret he overlooked. Franklin, in his walk through the exposition halls, suddenly stops before a magnificent piece of mechanism, and with profound admiration, exclaims, "A printing press! how perfect and complete, how wonderful indeed compared with my old press, that lumbering machine upon which I printed 'Poor Richard's Almanac,' and my own newspaper"—the identical press upon which was printed—shall we add—the first copy of the Saturday Evening Post—that family paper which has since become so great a favorite over the land? C.

Born Intoxicated.

[From the New York Tribune.]

Among the names registered at the Tombs was that of a youth about fifteen years of age, who had been arrested for drunkenness. But he was not drunk, nor had he been drinking. He was, moreover, in good, sound health, but gave all the external indications of being intoxicated when arrested by a police officer. Upon protesting to the keeper of the Tombs that he was not intoxicated, it was revealed that the unfortunate youth had been born a natural drunkard, or rather, that he had always acted like such a thing. He said that although in good health, he had never been able to walk without staggering. His speech was not unlike that of persons in a decided state of intoxication; and when excited, he would mutter and reel. The unfortunate youth was detained until the next day, and was not sent to the courts to be gazed at through judicial spectacles. A subsequent investigation of the case proved that the lad had been telling the truth about himself, but his condition revealed a demonstration of the natural law that the child is a fair copy of his parents. It appears that prior to marriage the father had been a secret, but confirmed inebriate, and when the facts became known to the woman thus suddenly and unexpectedly, she wept in the most terrible manner. Almost broken-hearted, she contemplated the future misery in store for her. Months passed away, when it was discovered that the child at three years of age acted strangely; and at the end of six months the unhappy woman fully realized all her forebodings. The effect produced upon the mother was not without its influence upon the father, however. Realizing, in the midst of tears of the bitterest anguish, the sin that had been visited upon the child, the man reformed. He has now several bright children, and most exemplary ones, too, they are. But the boy that was brought into the Tombs was not drunk, but had entailed upon him a life of misery, as it was a blasted destiny.

FROM THEODORE KORNER'S "ZRINY."

[NOTE.—In the year 1566, Nicholas, Count Zriny, led the Hungarian against the Turks under "Soliman the Great." The town and fortress of Sigeth, his last stronghold, being overcome by the infidel, he was forced to capitulate; the terms offered him in case of surrender being the kingdom of Croatia and the freedom of his son, then enslaved by the Turks. If he continued to resist them, he was threatened with death, his son's massacre, and the outrage of the women of the fort. He chose to die, and his wife, with her own hand, fired the powder magazine of the fortress, that they all might perish together in honor. In full martial panoply he met his fate, and his soliloquy precedes the explosion only a few moments.]

So then I stand in the last glow of life,
The coming hour brings me night and death;
So stand upon the boundary of my strife.
Proud of the flowers Fortune offereth!
I see it clearly, I have fought in vain;
The eternal, rosy morn breaks through death's night.
I must atonement with my blood attain,
A God with His own beams of light requite.

The voices of this age will die away,
And with them die the race that I have known;
Yet by its fragments stirred, the grandsons may,
With thankful lips, my name and struggle own.
Who has died bravely for his fatherland,
He builds himself a lasting monument,
That in his countrymen's brave hearts will stand,
Though all the storm-winds on its fall are bent.

I blindly followed where the impulse led
That with the young man's earliest deed is born!
Upon my cheeks th' flame of passion fed,
Swift kindled by the consecrating storm.
And now I have recourse to this last means,
To that my boldest dream could ne'er imply;
And to attain the crown that fairest seems,
I for my people and my faith will die.

Say what did ye we still adore in song,
Whose names the hymns of ages still repeat?
Ye firmly stood in storm of war and wrong,
Kept still your virtue, faith inviolate.
Though destiny may crush the hero's breast,
The hero's will to her's she cannot bend!
In dust the cringing worm may softly rest,
A noble heart must fight, and conquer in the end.

Value of Small Courtesies.

Civility costs nothing, and is often productive of good results. Here is an instance:—

A local doctor of medicine at Bath, England, has just had a legacy of twenty thousand dollars and a comfortable house left him, by a lady who was only known to him by his once offering her a seat in his carriage.

A gentleman known to the writer once assisted a very old and feeble man to cross from the London Mansion House to the Bank of England. This crossing is a very dangerous one, especially at mid-day, when the city is full of cabs, omnibusses, drays and other ponderous vehicles. When the old gentleman had got safely across, he exchanged cards with his obliging young friend, and there the matter rested.

Some four or five years after this incident occurred, a firm of London solicitors wrote to the young gentleman who had taken pity on the old man, informing him that a legacy of five thousand dollars and a gold watch and chain had been left to him by a gentleman who "took the opportunity of again thanking him in his will for an act of unlooked-for civility." It is not likely that all will have gold watches and chains left to them, or neat little bundles of crisp notes; but it is certain that acts of civility are productive of sufficient results to our inner selves, to make it worth our while to practice them whenever we find the opportunity.

A MANLY LETTER.

The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, in answering an invitation to lecture from the Detroit Young Men's Christian Association, writes a letter which has both a manly and a Christian ring. In these days when money seems to be the God of so many, both inside and outside of the Church, it is refreshing to read words like the following:

NIGHTINGALE LANE, CLAPHAM,
England, April 14, 1873.

WILL. H. BREARLEY: DEAR SIR—I must decline your courteous offer, not because I doubt your good faith, or desire higher terms, but simply because I do nothing in the lecturing way for money. I am a preacher of the gospel, and believe that the people among whom I minister ought to support me, and then have a right to my time, consequently I never add to my income by lecturing. I have an offer of $20,000 for twenty-five lectures in your country, and for more on similar terms, but I cannot accept it, nor could I if the offer were multiplied a hundred times. My income is not such that I can despise money—my people could not remunerate me in four years at the rate offered for twenty-five nights—but my work engrosses me and I cannot leave it, especially to enrich myself. Moreover, I am no lecturer, and do not want to be. I honor those who can do it well, but I cannot, and am quite content not to do it; for I have enough of other work, and work more directly bearing on my life's aim.

With many thanks, yours very truly,
C. H. SPURGEON.

WOMAN AND MUSIC.

The emotional force in woman is usually stronger, and always more delicate, than in man. Their constitutions are like those fine violins which vibrate to the slightest touch. Women are the greatest listeners, not only to eloquence, but also to music. The wind has swept many an Æolian lyre, but never such a sensitive harp as woman's soul. In listening to music, her face is often lighted up with tenderness, with mirth, or with the simple expansiveness of intense pleasure. Her attitude changes unconsciously with the tenest, because the most natural, dramatic feeling. A woman seldom writes good music, never great music; and, strange to say, many of the singers are incapable of giving even a good musical reading to the songs in which they have been most famous. The girl who sings to herself her favorite songs of Schubert, Mendelssohn, or Schumann, sings more than a song; it is her own plaint of suffering, floating away on the wings of melody. That poor, lonely, little sorrower, hardly more than a child, who sits dreaming at her piano, while her fingers, caressing the deliciously cool, ivory keys, glide through a weird nocturne of Chopin, is playing no mere study or set piece.

☞ CO-OPERATION OF THE WIFE.—No man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labors with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm, fly over the land, sail upon seas, meet difficulty, and encounter danger, if he knows that he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home! Solicitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life, and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared.

☞ DIFFICULTIES.—Keep your difficulties to yourself, and let people know that you are in expectation of good fortune.

GREEN LEAVES.

The sweet leaves, the fresh leaves, the young green leaves,
The leaves in the sunshine growing;
Whilst the martin twitters beneath the eaves,
And the cowslip bells are blowing!

The dormouse awakes from his winter sleep,
And the black merle pipes on the cherry;
And the lily-buds, from their green sheath peep,
And maidens and men are merry

With the fresh life-blood of the new-born spring,
The elixir of love and pleasure;
When Hope on the threshold of Life takes wing
To search for its golden treasure.

Oh, green leaves, Oh, fresh leaves, Oh, young green leaves,
When lovers in lanes are roaming,
Ye are dearer to youth than the ripe red sheaves
That glow in the August gloaming!

For they tell with their glorious spikes of gold
Of a hope that has ripened to glory;
But green leaves whisper a hope untold,
And fond youth lists to the story!

St. Leger's Love;

OR,

THE SIEGE OF STANWIX.

A Romance of the Revolution.

BY BURE THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "RAVENSWOOD," "SKAIL, THE SCOUT," "AGNES AYRE," &c.

CHAPTER XX.

A PROSPECT OF RELIEF.

The reader is doubtless interested to know what success attended the efforts of Colonel Willett and his companion Stockwell to get through the hostile lines and communicate with Schuyler. Accordingly attention is solicited to a scene and locality different from those of the preceding chapters. The place is a large island at the point of the confluence of the Hudson and the northern branch of the Mohawk. The upper extremity of the island was now an animated scene, for it formed the site of a military encampment.

Tents were here and there scattered over the level land, while groups of men in all sorts of dress, the uniform of the Continental army predominating, were everywhere to be seen. On the water the scene was also a very interesting one. Boats of various descriptions, and even rafts were continually passing from the island to the north bank of the river, transporting men, horses, artillery and the paraphernalia of an army.

On the northern bank, or at Half Moon Point, as it was then called, were to be seen numerous teams, attached to rough vehicles, which, as fast as they received their freight, were started off over a woodland road to the northward. Flat-bottomed boats, also, fully manned, now and then pushed around the northwestern angle of the land and proceeded up the Hudson as rapidly as their crews could propel them.

The secret of these various movements was that General Schuyler, with all his energy, was pushing forward troops and munitions of war to the northward to meet and repel, if possible, the advance of General Burgoyne, whose trained and triumphant legions, having forced the passes of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, were now pouring through the marshy woods of Fort Ann, threatening a general desolation of the American settlements in the regions to the southward.

On the island to which we have referred stood a solitary house, or hut rather—a rude structure of logs—and over it floated the stars and stripes marking the headquarters of the commanding general, though that officer was temporarily absent. The individual in his place was a colonel wearing the uniform of the New York Line. He was busily engaged in issuing orders, writing dispatches and attending to other duties that had devolved upon him for the time. A number of subordinates were in waiting to receive his instructions, one every now and then departing, others arriving to take the place of those sent out.

An unusual commotion at the door of the apartment occupied by the busy colonel, caused nearly every one to turn in that direction.

Two men entered, their faces haggard and pale, their clothing tattered and smeared with mud, their whole appearance denoting a recent fatiguing and perilous journey.

Colonel Van Schaick, hearing the exclamations that greeted the new-comers, looked up from his desk.

"Colonel Willett!" he cried, in amazement, springing to grasp the hand of the foremost man.

"Yes," returned Willett with a grim, peculiar smile, "and this is Major Stockwell," he said, presenting his companion.

"I am happy to see you both. You are from Fort Stanwix?" he asked eagerly.

"We are."

"How go things there? What are the prospects of holding out? You bring us no worse news than we have heard, I trust?"

Colonel Willett looked very grave as he answered:

"The fort is not to be taken just yet, that is certain; but the garrison is hard pressed, and Gansevoort has sent us for aid."

"For aid," repeated Van Schaick, gloomily. "How can we give it? Every man is needed to oppose Burgoyne. Do you know the situation, Colonel? Crown Point, Ticonderoga and other important posts have fallen, or been abandoned, and the invading forces are sweeping down upon us like a deluge. What can we do for Stanwix under such a press of peril and disaster nearer?"

"God knows," said Colonel Willett, sadly. "I can only *ask* for help, whether it is received or not. You know what depends upon a successful stand up the Mohawk."

"Yes, yes. Would to God that Schuyler were here. Perhaps some men could be spared; but, without his orders, every soldier must go forward to Saratoga. How long do you think Gansevoort can maintain himself against St. Leger?"

"It is impossible to say. He will fight to the last, you know that; but unless he has outside assistance the siege must prove successful before the end of the month, I fear."

"What is St. Leger's force?"

"Not less than two thousand men, besides the Indians."

"I have just received news by a reliable scout that Brant has left, taking with him a majority of the Mohawks and Senecas, and that he is now near Tioga Forks or Oquago. The movement looks as if he felt sure of the fort being taken, and wishes to be ready to strike a deadly blow at the settlements about Kingston."

Could the officer only have known the truth of the matter, how greatly would his apprehensions have been lessened!

"Brant on the move for Kingston!" echoed Colonel Willet in dismay. "That does indeed look dark. But, if you could only spare us five or six hundred men, we may turn the tide yet."

The speaker's tones were anxious, pleading—imploring, even.

Colonel Van Schaick looked painfully moved. He walked about uneasily for a few moments, his brows knitted in the most trying perplexity.

All awaited in the utmost anxiety the result of his mental argumentation. They knew he would gladly furnish the aid implored if other interests did not more clamorously demand it, and if he thought Schuyler would wholly approve of his action.

"I dare not take the responsibility," he said at length slowly, but in the tone of one who has fully made up his mind. "General Schuyler may be here in an hour—indeed his arrival may be looked for immediately. He may think it advisable to dispatch a body of troops to the relief of the fort. Until then you will excuse me, colonel," he added politely, turning to his writing-table.

"Certainly," said Willett. "I am aware of the exigencies of the hour."

The two men—Colonel Willett and Major Stockwell—remained at headquarters, impatiently awaiting the return of Schuyler, and, to make the time pass less heavily, detailing to eager listeners the manner of their egress from Fort Stanwix, and the obstacles and perils they had encountered in passing the enemy's lines.

The narrative was interrupted by the exclamation, welcome to their ears:

"The general is coming! The general is coming!"

Colonel Van Schaick at once turned from his work to meet the commander when he should arrive, and introduce the waiting officers from Stanwix.

From the southern extremity of the island a mounted group of officers and attendants came spurring up at a hasty gallop toward the house. Foremost among them was a handsome, finely-formed man, riding a powerful horse, whose mouth was afoam and whose skin dripped with perspiration. The rider was somewhat between forty-five and fifty years of age, with a pleasant, ruddy countenance, a quick, shrewd gray eye, a nose slightly aquiline, and a bearing altogether frank and manly, though at the same time there was a certain neatness of propriety in his dress, and a reserve and kind dignity in his manner that would indicate a man whose interest in the public cause was prompt and efficient, but whose sense of decorum and self-respect were also constantly awake, and kept at a distance all rude familiarity. This prepossessing officer was General Philip Schuyler, who, though he had been superseded in command of the army opposed to Burgoyne, still acted as its head, his successor, General Gates, not having yet arrived.

Beside him rode a man of decidedly different stamp, though his countenance and bearing were also in their way impressive. Like his companion, he was full set and strong in frame; his complexion was of a reddish brown, made so by exposure to sun and weather; his eye was dark, darting and imperative; his forehead slightly retreating; his lips full and sensuous, and his whole bearing impatient, discontented and audacious. His name was one already known to gallantry and daring deeds, but later, alas! to be known to treason—Benedict Arnold.

Following these two distinguished-looking personages came the usual retinue of under-officers and attendants.

The party rode up at full speed to the spot where Colonel Van Schaick and his companions, all of whom had left the house, were standing. The former advanced to meet them; and when they paused, a groom, immediately dismounting, held the stirrups for the gentleman first described, while Arnold, with characteristic impatience and disregard of ceremony, threw himself to the ground and left his horse to be cared for by whomsoever would do it.

The usual military salutations were exchanged, but quickly, for moments were precious then.

"Is there anything new of more than ordinary importance, colonel?" inquired Schuyler, after the greetings and introductions were over.

"Yes, sir; Colonel Willett and Major Stockwell are here from Fort Stanwix. Gansevoort implores aid to enable him to hold out against St. Leger."

"Has not Larned already gone forward?"

"Yes, but Major Stockwell met him at the Lower Mohawk Castle, and was told that he would not dare to go from Fort Dayton until reinforcements came up."

The general frowned darkly, but said with a brighter look:

"He is only prudent, I suppose. The cry is everywhere for men. St. Leger must be baffled, if possible, though. What do you think, colonel?" The question was addressed to Arnold.

"I think, sir," replied the latter, who during the colloquy had been impatiently striking the grass and weeds that grew at his feet with his riding-whip, "I think that there is time to dispose of St. Leger before Burgoyne forces his way through the swamps of Skenesborough."

"You do?" questioned Schuyler eagerly, while Colonel Willett and Major Stockwell felt a thrill of hope that the general would send a force to the relief of the invested fort.

"Yes, sir," replied Arnold, emphatically. "How long would it take to reach the place with a body of fresh, nimble-footed rangers?"

This was asked of Colonel Willett.

"A week or ten days at most," replied he.

"Well then, general," continued Arnold, again addressing Schuyler, "I strongly favor the movement. You know that until St. Leger is beaten or driven back we shall get very few militia from the Mohawk Valley, and we want every man this way. Gansevoort might even hold out unaided; but the mere presence of a hostile force in that quarter keeps hundreds from helping here."

"I see it all. If we could only deal St. Leger a staggering blow, we should be doubly prepared to strike at Burgoyne. The movement shall be made. Will you lead it, colonel?"

Arnold flashed brightly at this flattering proposition.

"I will," he said proudly, "since you so honor me. Give me what light troops you can spare and a few of Morgan's men, and I will engage to be up with Larned before to-morrow night. I may have to use a little stratagem, but I think I can scatter these tories and Indians, and give Gansevoort's men a breathing spell that will refresh them immensely."

Colonel Willett and Major Stockwell were overjoyed at the prospect of relief being extended to their comrades at Stanwix.

"Choose your men immediately," said Schuyler to Arnold. "The quicker this thing is attempted the better."

"I am directed then to organize, in the manner I choose, an expedition to proceed to the relief of the fort?"

"Yes, I entrust the whole matter to you, and give you full discretionary power to act as you think best."

"Thank you, general," said Arnold, and with a quick, respectful bow, he was away.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MARCH—ST. LEGER AND SIR JOHN JOHNSON.

It was the 18th day of August, 1777. A brief review of the general position of public affairs in the north that day, will give a better understanding of the necessity of swift and successful action to retrieve the falling fortunes of the patriots. Everything looked gloomy and threatening for the colonial cause. Ticonderoga had been forced; General Herkimer worsted at Oriskany; Fort Stanwix closely invested, though, unknown to the country and the garrison, a single fair hand had done much to relax the vigor of the siege; Burgoyne lay in immense force south of Lake Champlain, and was working his bloody way into the settlements near Albany; while the battle of Bennington had not yet taken place to cheer the patriot heart, and to afford some hope of successful resistance of the powerful and boasting invaders.

The scene we present to the reader's attention is again the wilderness—the green, summer-lighted forest, standing in the golden blue of a cloudless August day. A rough track leads through the woodland—a sort of irregular winding tunnel, arched with fluttering shadows formed by branches whose foliage seems half leaves, half sunshine. Bird and insect piped and chirped in the pleasing gloom, the long shrill chatter of the locust being most distinguishable. Sounds that disturbed not the contented silence were these; but after awhile along this woodland way came others not so peaceful. First, an indistinct hum; then at intervals the tap of a drum far away; then a steadier roll; then, with even a more martial sound, the scream of a fife. At last the tramp of marching men was to be heard, and the head of a column came in sight, with standards flying, and drums more wildly beating.

Steadily they moved forward. A careless observer would have regarded *only* them; but keener eyes would perhaps have noted more. In advance of the main body, and on either flank, glided silent forms like spirits of the air. A keen vision only could have detected them; they made no noise; their feet seemed shod with softness; they passed from tree to tree, and from covert to covert with a shadowy swiftness that left one in doubt as to whether a human figure had really been seen, or only a low bough had stirred in the wind; their glances pierced far ahead, and their every movement was as cautious as if an ambushed foe was known to be near.

These men were the scouts Arnold had sent to clear the way for the safe and parading march of his troops. These latter went forward carelessly, confidently and with inspiriting music, knowing well that the belt of rangers would protect them from ambuscade. There was no danger of falling into such a trap as Braddock did in the old French war, nor of walking into such an opening of death as Herkimer's men found only a short time before. Those green-coated, moccasin-footed, lithe-limbed, rifle-armed men were among the best Indian fighters on the continent, and well did they know how perilous it would be to pass through that wild wood without such precautions as they were taking.

Arnold desired to make a showy march in order that his numbers might appear to the enemy greater than they really were, should any of the spies and scouts of St. Leger, Johnson or Brant chance to behold it. By a bold, impetuous advance he hoped to so impress the foe with a sense of his confidence and determination, as to render the relief of the beleaguered fortress a certainty. His force was really insufficient to cope with that of his opponents, so in addition to an intimidating "blowing of trumpets," he had employed other means to create the belief in St. Leger's camp that a powerful army was coming to raise the siege.

An emissary, named Cuyler, had been sent in advance among the Indians as a deserter, with instructions to magnify the numbers of the troops who were advancing against them. This was a part similar to that undertaken with success by our friends, Jack Claver and Peter Coot; and Cuyler, aided by the discontent already prevailing, found such finesse to result admirably. The savages believed that an overwhelming force was approaching, and Brant had the utmost difficulty in preventing many of his warriors from decamping at once. Plundering bands still hung on the valley skirts, however.

Thus, then, if all had been known—the discontent and disagreements prevailing among the besiegers—their belief that a resistless force was hastening to the relief of the fort—the fact that a considerable body was indeed on the way against St. Leger—and, most of all, that the British commander had become blinded to the internal dangers of his position—had all this been known, we say, the weary and starving garrison of Stanwix would have been cheered and strengthened beyond measure. Not that Gansevoort had any thought of immediate surrender, but the prospect of maintaining his post darkened day by day. Succor must come soon or it would be too late.

Leaving Arnold on his dashing march, we return once more to the hostile camp, this time to an interview between St. Leger and Colonel John Johnson, commander of the tory troops engaged in the siege.

It was the evening following Brant's raid in the direction of the Kingston settlements.

St. Leger was at his headquarters, moody, irritable, hardly approachable, thinking, in spite of himself, more of the anticipated delights of another evening with the beautiful Margaret Livingston than of the pressing matters of the siege.

Twilight had not yet settled upon the scene. An officer in the handsome uniform of a colonel of the Greens had just entered the apartment where the British commander sat. It was Colonel John Johnson.

He bowed coldly to St. Leger as the latter arose, and the acknowledgement of the Englishman was equally chilling.

"Be seated, Colonel," said St. Leger with little cordiality in his tone, motioning him to a chair.

Sir John did not accept the proffered seat, but, standing, said.

"I called to see you, colonel, in regard to your recent order respecting Captain Marshall."

"Well," said St. Leger, frigidly, and with a look of the darkest displeasure showing on his countenance.

"It has not been revoked?" continued the tory, interrogatively.

"No," was the brief, cold answer.

"You do him great injustice, Colonel St. Leger.

"He has deserved the disgrace he has received.

"I do not think so," said Sir John, firmly.

"You do not think so!" cried St. Leger, firing up. "And what is it to me, Sir John, may I inquire, whether you think so or not?"

A quick, angry light leaped to the baronet's eyes, but he controlled himself, and said, with an appearance of calmness:

"I feel that you do Captain Marshall great injustice, and I must protest against it. As an officer of my command, I know him to be efficient and faithful. The neglect of duty with which you charge him is owing entirely to another individual."

"And who might that other individual be?" demanded the Englishman, with no abatement of his displeasure.

"*Yourself*, Colonel St. Leger," answered the tory officer, boldly.

St. Leger leaped to his feet, amazed and furious.

"What do you mean?" he thundered. "Do you dare to speak thus to me?"

"I dare speak the truth," replied Colonel Johnson, unflinchingly.

"You are insolent; you are seditious. I will have you arrested."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Sir John, defiantly, "You will do well not to attempt that; you have enough on your hands already."

The rage of St. Leger at this daring retort was simply fearful. He swore, he threatened, he raved. The tory colonel maintained considerable composure while this storm of passion lasted, and then in reply to the threats, upbraidings and reproaches that had been hurled at him, answered with a firm mouth, and eyes that still held their fire:

"I have spoken boldly, Colonel St. Leger, because you drive me to it. I have not a *single* cause of dissatisfaction only, or I would let it pass; but I have many. Others of my officers are reprimanded unwarrantably, ridiculed and grievously offended; our Indian allies are driven from us; the siege is carried on with a lamentable lack of vigor; and all because—"

"Silence!" cried St. Leger, foaming with fury.

"I will not be silent," went on the bold tory baronet. "I understand that you have included *me* in your list of inefficients, when the truth is that all our troubles have been brought about simply because of—" He hesitated slightly.

"Because of what?" demanded the furious commander, before Sir John had time to proceed. "Do you dare to charge me with such delinquencies, and then halt in your imputations with a cowardly 'because of'?"

The tory colonel, with a steady blaze of his scornful eyes, resumed with infinite contempt:

"Because of Colonel St. Leger's devotion to one of his lady prisoners, rather than giving his attention to his duties as commander-in-chief."

"Gods!" ejaculated the Englishman, white with rage, and making a movement as if to strike Sir John with his sword.

The latter instantly assumed an attitude of defence, placing his hand on his own weapon.

"Beware," he breathed hotly. "I have spoken, not for myself alone, but for many of my associate officers; I might say for the whole army."

"Leave the room," ordered St. Leger.

"I can do that," said Sir John, proudly. "But I think you will regret such a termination of our interview."

"I regret that I have not power to deprive you of your command. It should be done at once."

"You will grow cooler by morning, and wiser, I trust," returned Colonel Johnson, with his hand on the door knob. "You cannot afford to dispense with my services yet. You may need them to save your command from utter disaster."

St. Leger endeavored to make reply to this, but his anger overpowered him. With a short, cold bow Sir John withdrew, and left the furious and humiliated man to storm at his leisure.

St. Leger in his wrath would have attempted to slay the tory, had it not been for the secret restraining consideration that Sir John's services might indeed at last become indispensable, though the infatuated commander was not ready to acknowledge that such was the case already.

"Curse the insolent fellow," he muttered venomously. "When the siege is ended I will renew this quarrel. He dared to refer to my relations with Margaret Livingston! Oh, Margaret! Margaret! you shall come to me now. What care I for their insinuations?"

CHAPTER XXII.

DANGEROUS DOINGS.

Mrs. Livingston returned from that interview, weak and trembling in body, but triumphant in spirit. She had been even more brilliant and fascinating than before, and in her presence her lover, dazed and worshipful, had forgotten everything but his devouring passion. Yet he had not succeeded in obtaining the avowal he sought, while she by resistless blandishment and sweet artifice had drawn from him secrets dangerous to him for an enemy to possess. She had not sung for him as on the previous evening, but had given him a new display of her powers of entertainment. She had read to him—read of Zenobia, of Semiramis, of Cleopatra and other famous women of history. In sweet-voiced words she had warned him of the very part she was acting against him; but she took them from the text, and he never once suspected the parallel that might be drawn. Listening, rapt, admiring, he sat, and when she ceased, and in a gloriously eloquent way eulogized the heroines of history, he joined her in panegyric, and from that was most winningly led on until the vital disclosures she sought were here.

She saw then far more clearly than did he the precariousness and peril of the besieging army.

"If Gansevoort only knew!" she panted, after her return to her chamber. "He *must* know. Faithful Peter Coot can get a message to him. I will write it now."

She took a pencil and a sheet of fine, thin paper that could be folded to a very small bulk—so small that if necessary it *could be swallowed* to keep it from an enemy's hands—and wrote in a clear, though wonderfully delicate hand, a communication addressed to Col. Gansevoort, informing him of the valuable facts she had learned.

"It will encourage them to hold out a day longer, perhaps," she reflected, "even if their extremity is the saddest. Relief may arrive by that time. Oh, it would be dreadful to yield at last, after their noble defence, and when the tide is turning against the besiegers."

It was too late to think of getting the note to Peter that night; so Mrs. Livingston composed herself as well as she could, waiting with great impatience, however, for the coming of the day. She had not seen Peter since he had presented himself in disguise at her room, but she had learned from Catherine that he was still in the camp. She had hoped that he would again visit her, for she was burning with anxiety to know if anything had been heard of Edith, and also if Lionel and his assistants had succeeded in holding communication with their confederates inside of the enemy's lines. But the gallant Peter had probably found it impossible or very dangerous to inform her of what had occurred.

As to asking Catherine Coot—whom she saw almost daily—to obtain from Peter the desired information, that she had considered imprudent, for Mrs. Livingston feared that the girl was not to be trusted more than she had been. She knew that if suspicion were once aroused and Catherine charged with acting as an agent in underhand proceedings, the foolish creature, either blunderingly or in terror, would be apt to reveal all.

But the note must go. If it were once in the hands of Peter Coot, Mrs. Livingston felt sure that he would find a way to convey it to Colonel Gansevoort.

Morning came, and with it, as good fortune would have it, came Catherine Coot. Mrs. Livingston beheld her from the window of her apartment, and signalled for her to come up. Catherine had no difficulty in doing that, for she was still a privileged character, in the unflattering consideration of the enemy that she was a fool.

She was soon at the door of Mrs. Livingston's room, a smile on her full moon of a face, as broad and as bright as that of the morning itself.

"Come in, Catherine, I am glad to see you," said the lady, pleasantly.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Lifingston."

"Yes; good-morning; I forgot that. I was so anxious to see you. Have you seen your cousin since yesterday noon, Catherine?"

"No; put he will be along py and py."

"At the prisoner's quarters?"

"Yesh."

"Will you have an opportunity to speak with him?"

"I always speakts with Cousin Beter."

"Very well; I wish you to perform a service for me, Catherine. Do you think you are to be trusted?"

"Oh, yesh," said the girl, confidently.

"And you will be very discreet?"

"Yesh, yesh," she said, with the same earnestness. "Only—" She paused, looking slightly bewildered.

"Only what, Catherine?"

"Only I ton't know what tat wordt meants."

Mrs. Livingston sighed and smiled both at once.

"You should not be so quick to affirm it then," she said. "I meant to ask if you would be very careful if I were to entrust you with the performance of a slight service, and say nothing to any one about it, whether you are questioned or not?"

"You wants nopody to know it?"

"No one at all, but Peter himself."

"I bromise to geep still apont it ten."

"I must trust her," said the lady to herself; and then she produced the note, saying:

"I wish you to give this bit of folded paper to your cousin, and to say to him that it should go immediately to the fort. He will understand. Now be very careful, Catherine, and do not lose the note, nor let any one see you hand it to Peter. Say not a word to any one about the matter, and return to me as soon as possible after you have delivered the paper."

She placed it in the girl's hand, repeating her injunctions of caution, and receiving in return Catherine's assurance of the most discreet and careful action.

"Now you may go," said the lady. "If you serve me well in this—if ever the opportunity is mine, you shall be most liberally rewarded. But think not of that; think of duty."

Catherine had placed her hand on the door to open it, when a new thought appeared to suddenly enter her mind. Perhaps Mrs. Livington's concluding words had suggested it.

"My laty," she said, pausing and turning round, "maype it wouldn't pe shust safe to gife Cousin Beter this baper; tid you know he hash turned tory?"

"Oh, yes, I know that," answered Mrs. Livingston, with an incomprehensible smile. "Of course Peter is a tory now, or he would not be serving with them. But he will do this little kindness for *me*, I am sure."

"You wants to let te oldt colonel and your leetle gal know how you ish, perhaps?" asked the inquisitive girl, with another new thought.

The heart of the mother gave a great throb of pain at this sudden mention of her absent darling, but she rejoiced at Catherine's conjecture, and said, calmly,

"Of course I am anxious they should know. But do not linger any longer, or you may miss the opportunity of delivering the note."

She passed out at this, and Mrs. Livingston, with not a few misgivings as to the faithfulness of her agent, turned wearily to watch from the window for the appearance of the figure of Miss Coot as she issued from the hall. She soon came in view, and soon disappeared as she rolled along toward the prisoners' quarters.

"Heaven direct the poor creature!" prayed the anxious woman, "she bears a communication that may determine the fate of yon noble garrison, perhaps of a nation."

Catherine Coot proved more faithful in the execution of the trust reposed in her than a knowledge of her character would have warranted one in anticipating. The message was delivered, with instructions to have it conveyed to Colonel Gansevoort as expeditiously as possible.

Peter Coot was shrewd enough to guess its contents, though he might be unable to decipher the delicate chirography.

"Mrs. Lifingston wants dish leetle scrippie sent to ter colonel, does she?" he reflected, as he carefully concealed the note on his person. "Well, ten, if *she* wants tat, I knows it's worth my headt to take it, and py glory! it shall go. I wonters which is pest—to leafe dish place mineself? or to send by my good Injunt friendt, Tyke Kopinall? I was to meet him at der Oaks to-night, and I will have to wait till then enty how."

The result of Peter's deliberations was that he would endeavor to see Dyke at the appointed time and place, leaving it to him to decide which should bear the message to the fort.

By this time it was noon, and the hours intervening between then and darkness were passed in the performance of his usual duties.

When night had fairly descended upon the camp, Peter managed to elude observation and steal away to the place where, by previous arrangement, he was to meet his fellow-scout.

He waited there fully an hour, and began to feel very impatient, fearing that Kopinall, for some serious reason, could not come, none other as Peter well knew being sufficient to detain him.

"If Tyke ton't come pefore I counts two huntret," said the impatient Peter mentally, "I must make for ter Fort myself It won't pe safe to wait enty longer." And forthwith he began to count.

He had run up the scale as far as "one hundret vifty-dree," and had begun to enumerate the figures very slowly, fearing that the alloted number would be reached before the appearance of his confederate, when a low, peculiar whistle—the signal that had been agreed upon—announced the approach of Kopinall. Peter, after an interval, replied as cautiously—and the two men, moving like shadows, were soon within whispering distance.

"I pegun to dink you nefer come, Tyke," breathed Pete.

"It was mighty slow crawling—red-skins rather lively to-night, what's left of 'em."

"I have a message from Mrs. Lifingston for ter colonel at ter fort," whispered Peter, coming to business at once.

"You have?"

"Yesh; and she says it must pe taken so soon as it can."

"You may believe so if *she* sent it. Who is to carry it, Peter, you or I?"

"If you hat come not when you tid, I waits put little longter; but as you pe here I dinks I hat petter gife up ter baper to you. You ish injunt tressed, and—"

"Give me the message, Peter; I am the one to go."

"You knows very well tat I pe not afraidt to go, Tyke?" questioned the Dutchman quite unnecessarily, as he placed the communication in the hand of the other.

"Of course I do; nobody would think you want to shirk. For you to leave the enemy now would be to raise a suspicion that you were only a spy, and endanger Jack Claver's besides. You must go back to the camp and keep up your game. Moreover, Peter, I've got mighty good news for Mrs. Livingston—we've found Miss Edith, and she's safe for the present. You must manage to tell her, poor lady! for she's sad enough, no doubt."

"Tat I will! Miss Edith safe! Tat's goot news to *me* too, Tyke."

"To be sure it is. And mind, Peter, to keep your eye on Mrs. Livingston, ready to help her when the smash comes. There's to be a breaking-up hereabouts soon—I was down in the red-skin quarters last night, listening and spying, and they're mighty mad and tired of trying to get in old Stanwix. Them that are left, I mean; for Brant has gone off with most of 'em. All this Gansevoort should know, and if it hadn't been so late I would have slipped back last night to tell him. I thought of my promised meeting with you also, and so was the more reconciled to waiting awhile. But now I'm off. I believe there's nothing more particular to say. So good-night, and if you don't hear of me again, you may guess I'm past praying for."

Dyke had spoken rapidly, in a low, cautious tone that would have reached only the ears for which his words were intended, even if listeners had been near; and as he ended he took a farewell clasp of the hand of his companion, who earnestly returned the pressure, and the two separated. Peter glided back to the camp; Dyke sought the river shore, and stole along it until he reached a point from which he set out on his increasingly perilous passage for the fort.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ever My Queen.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," "MARK JARRETT'S DAISY," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN ENIGMA AND ITS SOLUTION.

Out of a dream—nay, out, as it were, of a sleep of death, out of a state of blank unconsciousness—Lydia awakened.

A sense of faintness, powerlessness, sickened prostration, pervaded her whole system; she felt as if she had not the strength to lift a feather, scarcely even to raise her eyelids, yet she lifted them and tried to gaze around her, for she had an undefined and unexplainable perception of being in a strange place, although without any knowledge of the means or causes which led to her being there.

A feeble glance told her that she was in a strange bedchamber; the hanging appointments were all unknown to her, and as yet the recollection of the last event of which she had been conscious had not come back to her.

She gazed inquiringly about her, but did not see one article of furniture familiar to her, and even at first a female form seated upon a chair near the foot of the bed, with her face buried in her hands, presented no token by which she could recognize her?

Where was she? What had happened? What did this new condition of things mean? Was she in a perplexing dream, with scenes and incidents as vivid almost as in actual life, or had there been some remarkable change wrought in her social position such as are depicted in fairy tales?

The female at the foot of the bed, with a long-drawn sigh, removed her face from her hands and turned it toward her with a listening movement.

Then Lydia exclaimed, quickly, but faintly—

"Lollie, is that you?"

The girl sprang to her feet with a short scream, and the next instant her arms were wound about Lydia's neck, and her cheek, wet with tears, placed in close contact with her's.

"Lyddy, my darling," she sobbed, "Lyddy, sweetest Lyddy! Lyddy, oh, Lyddy, and you do know me again, you do know Lollie! Oh dear—oh my dear, oh dear—I shall go mad with joy!"

And she proceeded to act as wildly and incoherently as if she would carry out that resolve as quickly and effectually as possible.

But Lydia, wondering and distracted, repeated her name twice or thrice as the delighted girl capered about the room, and then she ran back to her, knelt down by the bedside, and kissed her cold, white, polished forehead again and again. But Lydia interrupted her caresses, and clutching her more tightly by the shoulders than might have been expected from one in her weak condition, she said eagerly—

"Be calm, be sensible, Lollie; tell me what has happened. I have a vague sense of having been smitten down by a thunderbolt; but—" She pressed her hands to her temples, and repeated, half vacantly, "There is a sound of music in my ears, laughter, dancing—a cloud—a crash—Heaven! I remember all now."

She covered her eyes with her hands and shuddered violently.

"Oh, yes, Lyddy, dear, wasn't it dreadful?" cried Lollie, with a shiver and a shake of the shoulders; "wasn't it frightful—"

"Do not speak to me for a minute, Lollie," interrupted Lydia, hastily; "let me think—let me try and remember."

She sank back on her pillow and lay silent, motionless, for a few minutes; then she opened her large, brilliant eyes, and fastened them on Lollie's eager, half frightened face, until the poor girl began to fear that she was about to suffer a relapse. Then she said, slowly and very calmly—

"I remember all now; all—until that towering mass threw its dreadful shadow upon us, the stunning crash, being hurled

from my feet, and then water—cold, beating, lashing water—in my hands, my eyes, my lips—all ends there."

Poor Lollie covered her face with her hands, moaned and sobbed piteously, and rocked herself to and fro on her chair, muttering—

"Oh, it was dreadful, it was too dreadful—poor things, poor things!"

If it had been possible, Lydia would have waxed paler still than she was at the terrible thoughts which rose up in her mind, but with a power of self-control which was surprising in her weak condition she said—

"I comprehend now that the steamer we were in was struck by another and much injured—"

"Sunk! sunk! sunk!" ejaculated Lollie, wringing her hands.

Lydia stared at her questioningly, scrutinizingly, and parting her parched lips by force she said, hoarsely—

"But—you—Lollie—you were saved—and I—in some way. Were not all the rest?"

"Oh, I do not know—I do not know," she replied, with emotion. "I was frightened out of my senses. I do not recollect anything but being in a boat with a crowd of girls, and—Mr.—Mr. Templeton holding me tightly. There was such shrieking and screaming, such yelling and shouting; there were boats with white sails and boats without; there were brave and noble men pulling people out of the water, and risking their lives everywhere—some bobbing about like corks in the water, never caring a bit whether they were drowned themselves, so that they saved somebody—"

"But were not all saved—all—all?" interrupted Lydia, with a sudden clutch of her wrist, and an eager, flashing, diamond glitter in her eyes.

"No—no—no!" returned Lollie, clasping her hands. "We all got safe to land; but, oh, dear, oh, dear, there were ever so many drowned, I believe."

Again she hid her eyes; but Lydia almost clambered up her shoulders, and whispered hoarsely in her ear—

"Tell me their—their names—all their names. I must know, Lollie. For God's sake tell me—do not keep one!"

"I do not know one," returned Lollie, twining her arms about her, and forcing her back to the pillow. "It is only three days ago, and I have been here with you ever since."

"How came I to be here?" asked Lydia, in a faint yet distractedly anxious tone.

"Oh, I didn't tell you that, did I?" she answered, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"Tell me!" exclaimed Lydia, almost fiercely.

"Well, Lyddy dear, you won't be very harsh and unkind to me if I tell you that when I was scrouged in the boat with such a lot, and Mr. Templeton holding me tight to his breast, I had forgotten—no, I was not thinking of you, because—because I couldn't think of anything, I was so awfully horrified and dizzy like—when, all of a sudden, Mr. Templeton gave a great shout and cried, 'By the Lord, there is Athol in the river, and he has got the Queen—he has saved her!' Then there went up such a shout from all around me, 'The Queen!—the Queen!—help the Queen!' Out of the boat, like a shot, went Mr. Templeton—no, like a Newfoundland dog—and he swam to Mr. Athol, and helped him bring you to our boat. Then another boat came up, and we somehow got tumbled into that—at least, Mr. Templeton, as wet as a mop just out of a pail, lifted me in, and pretty well wet me through; but Mr Athol and you, like a pair of drowned rats, were already in it, and you were as white as a ghost, and looking as dead as dead—ah—ah—ah—please don't ask me any more—I—I—I—"

Here Lollie fairly broke down in a sobbing fit.

Lydia released her arm, and fell back on her pillow and closed her eyes. Lollie glanced at her in a fright, for she looked so fearfully white, she thought this time at least she had given up the ghost.

Then she saw two crystal drops, glittering like diamonds of the purest water—and of the purest water they were—slowly creep through her eyelashes, and roll gently down her pallid cheeks.

She saw her lips moving, too, and she instinctively bent her ear down toward them, and she caught sounds which were sufficiently audible to show that they were engaged in grateful and earnest prayer.

It took all that day and the next to give Lydia sufficient strength to leave her bed, to prepare once more to face the world and to renew her battle with life; but as soon as she could accomplish it, she did not suffer a minute to slip away unutilized.

Indeed, when she declared herself prepared to quit the house that sheltered her, she looked more a candidate for an infirmary than the workroom of which she had been unanimously elected the queen.

She did not mention Mr. Athol's name once after she had heard that she owed her life to him, and what she thought she kept closely concealed. Neither did Lollie name him to her, which was strange, especially as she had evidently something on her mind which was striving like a wild bird in a cage to get out somewhere between the wires.

It darted, and danced, and flattered within her eyes as though they were of glass, and the secret was the bird, bobbing and dodging behind both panes at once. It tried her lips, as if employing "crow"-bars, endeavoring to "prize" them open at the corners, in the centre of the Cupid's bow—any vulnerable part; but she kept them tight for a wonder, and the secret retired for the time, baffled.

Lydia had found ready for her a new and complete outfit to replace those garments which had been utterly spoiled by the immersion in the river, and she would have made no remark respecting them, as she knew the change to be necessary, but that they were of a style and fabric above her position in life, and such as she knew the hard-minded woman who claimed to be her parent would not have supplied her with.

Perhaps a suspicion ran through her brain that one to whom she owed the greatest obligation had been the donor, and not alone her proud nature, but her simple rectitude of mind, would have induced her firmly to have refused to accept them; but she had none others to wear, and she had not seen her whom a feeling of common maternity ought to have brought to her side, so she silently accepted the situation in the belief she should find a way to restore them without an implication on her self-respect, and without wounding the susceptibility of her kind friend—how kind, she best appreciated.

She had attired herself silently, Lollie being full of incoherent chattering, incomprehensible to her, thus enabling her to think instead of talking; but at last, turning to the laughing gabbler just as she had completed her toilet, she said—

"I have only seen a strange woman and yourself here, Lollie. Has not my—Mamma Sidney been to see me?"

"Mother has been here every day, and we are going back to our home now," returned Lollie, evasively.

"That is not the question, Lollie," rejoined Lydia. "I asked you about mamma—"

"And I can answer that question," observed some one at the door of the room.

Both turned quickly, and beheld Miss Camoy standing on the threshold, garmented in bonnet and mantle, and apparently only just arrived. An exclamation of surprise escaped them; but Miss Camoy raised up her gloved hands, and in a repressing tone cried—

"Don't be surprised, don't be astonished, don't excite yourselves, my good girls. Everything happens for the best; we are the children of circumstances, and as we make our beds so we must lie on them."

With the utterance of these platitudes she gave a little run into the room, kissed Lydia patronizingly, after the French mode, on both cheeks, and shook Lollie by the hand.

"So glad to see you both again, so delighted to hear that you two at least escaped," she cried, with an expression in her eyes which rendered the sincerity of the assertion somewhat doubtful; "and such a row of corpses, too."

"Great Heaven!" ejaculated Lydia, both shocked and grieved. "Were there so many?"

"Don't ask me, oh, don't ask me—pray don't," interrupted Miss Camoy, putting her hands to her eyes. "I shall never get over it. Oh, what a horrible affair! If I had not clung to Fisell—at least, if he had not nobly held himself fast to my side, although he did once try to jump into the water after one of the poor girls—I don't know which."

"I do," thought Lollie.

"I do not know what would have become of me," she pursued, with closed eyes, "although our part of the boat did not sink for a long time afterward."

"Were there any of our party drowned?" interrupted Lollie, quickly.

"I am sorry to say the accounts I have heard make me fear but too much that several of them were," returned Miss Camoy. "At least, there is Tudge, and Pennikett, and Maxwell, and Louie Brown, and Annie Best missing, so the papers say. Oh, it was awful. I wish we had never gone to the water-party at all, any of us."

"And I," murmured Lydia, prayerfully, "I—I have been the innocent cause of this frightful accident."

"Stuff," cried Lollie, quickly and soothingly. "It would have happened if none of us had been on board the steamboat." She turned to Miss Camoy, and added, rapidly, "You were saying that you knew all about Lyddy's mamma. What news have you brought?"

Miss Camoy suddenly assumed the look of an owl, or the aspect of a judge when about to make a communication to a prisoner which shall be the reverse of agreeable to him.

She pursed her lips together for a moment, and then observed, ambiguously—

"Well, I do not bring exactly good news, and I do not bring exactly bad news. Yet I do bring good news—at least, that kind of news which, particular as I am, and as everybody knows me to be, I consider to be good news."

"Pray, Miss Camoy, be explicit, and as brief as you can!" exclaimed Lydia. "What have you to tell me about mamma? Why has she not been to see me?"

Miss Camoy raised her shoulders to her ears.

"You must not ask me impossibilities, my dear," she at once rejoined, with that self-sufficient manner which is offensive in any one. I am not the mistress of your ma's reasons, objects or motives. All I can say is, that when, as I hear from very good authority—at least, I ought, I suppose, to regard it as good authority, although it must be, and must continue to be, at all events on my part, nameless—I say that, when you were pronounced out of danger, your lucky, most fortunate escape from drowning was communicated to me, I was hardly out of the grave then myself—"

"Do go on without all this stuff!" interrupted Lollie, impetuously. "Don't you see how you are frightening Lyddy?"

"What of mamma?" ejaculated Lydia, almost in the same breath.

Miss Camoy shook her head.

"Give me time, young ladies, if you please," she responded, with a little jerk of the head. "My tongue is not like yours, in the habit of going nineteen to the dozen. Please be quiet, and I will tell you that, being told you had been dragged out of the river, Miss Smith, and that you had been brought here to this house—there is the address you see on a piece of paper given to me by one who ought to have known it, if anybody did—well, and that you were able to be moved, I was requested to go to your mamma, whose residence I got, of course, out of the address-book, tell her what happened, and bring her down here to you."

"Where is she? Why is she not here?" inquired Lydia, eagerly, yet with a tinge of coldness in her earnestness.

Miss Camoy shrugged her shoulders again, and stretched out her hands with the gesture of a Parisian *modiste*.

"You ask me what I cannot answer," she returned, promptly, "and for the very best of all reasons. I proceeded to the address entered in our book, and asked for her. The woman of the house at once pointed to a bill in her window, with 'Apartments to let' printed on it, and said to me, 'My lodger, Mrs. Smith, was a very strange, disagreeable woman. She heard, I believe, a day or two back, some bad news about the loss of her daughter in a steamboat, and though she did not squeeze out a tear about it, she said this country was nothing more to her now, and she didn't care how soon she went out of it. So she called in a broker, and sold every stick and stock in the place, paid me all she owed me, and went off with the rest of the money, and without leaving the slightest address or clue behind her.'"

Lydia sank back in a chair in a powerless amazement, while Lollie, prompt in jumping to conclusions, wrung her hands, and ejaculated, tearfully, and, although she did not intend it, very discouragingly—

"Oh, Lyddy, dear, whatever will you do? The unnatural wretch has left you without a home! She has made you an orphan, indeed, now! Whatever is to be done?"

Lydia did not reply. She was stunned by the intelligence. Much as she had disliked and ever detested the position in which she had been placed with her reputed mother, she had always had a roof to cover her, her food prepared for her, her clothing provided for her. A home, such as it was, yet still a home; a shelter which required from her neither anxiety to procure nor solicitude to maintain. She had simply contributed to its support, and that was all the thought or care it had cost her; now, it had been, as it were, swept from her, she felt helpless, abandoned, a complete outcast.

Miss Camoy was, however, equal to the occasion. She favored Lollie with a look of distasteful pity, and curling her thin lips, gave a flourish with her hand, and subjoined—

"Have you forgotten, Miss Leslie, that there is an especial Providence that watches over the fall of a sparrow—even a tomtit. Do you think a person like Miss Smith would have been overlooked by it? Where is your Sunday-school teaching?"

"Ah?" ejaculated Lollie, questioningly, not knowing what else to reply.

"That, however, is neither here nor there," proceeded Miss Camoy, adopting a lofty and patronizing manner, and pointing to Lydia. "Here is a shorn lamb, and we must temper the wind to it. This poor child is without a home, and as at our house she has been under my supervision and control, so I am here to take her with me, to share my bed and board, my sleeping-chamber and second-floor front, until she is enabled in some satisfactory way to shift for herself."

There was a silence for a moment, as though Lydia was rendered dumb by surprise, and Lollie was stunned and staggered. However, the latter very quickly recovered herself, and almost hysterically cried—

"Oh, I say—Camoy—Miss Camoy—you are a good sort—you are indeed! Do forgive me if ever I have been troublesome or impudent to you—do! I didn't know you before. I will be ever so good and obedient to you for the future—that I will. Do let me kiss you for your kindness to poor Lyddy!"

Before Miss Camoy could effectually interpose her dignity, Lollie had caught her round the neck and had given her lips a good smack with her own.

As soon as Miss Camoy had disengaged herself, she exclaimed petulantly—

"I beg of you, Miss Leslie, not to indulge your boisterous foolery at my expense. I shall be very much offended if you attempt such a liberty again."

Poor Lollie shrank back abashed; but Lydia, who had somewhat recovered herself, rose from her seat to tender her grateful thanks to Miss Camoy for this proof of her kindness, and to accept what appeared to be her very generous offer until she was in a position to provide a home, however humble it might be, for herself.

Miss Camoy, however, with a strange and not by any means an encouraging expression on her sharp features, anticipated her, and raising both hands repressingly, said—

"No thanks! Oh, I beg of you no thanks, Miss Smith! You are of some value to the firm in our particular department. We cannot afford to lose you at a moment's notice, when we have such large orders on hand. It would very much inconvenience us, as the girls are mostly dependent on your designs to keep them in full work. So for the present it will be advisable for all parties that I do not lose sight of you. You will, therefore, accompany me to my apartments for the present, and stay with me, paying for your board and lodging as you would anywhere else. I will receive your salary, deduct my charges out of it, and hand the balance to you, if there should be any. I hope you will see the great value and importance to you of this arrangement in this moment, when you see, but for me, you would be really a homeless beggar."

"What a cat!" thought Lollie.

How the expression struggled to find its way out of her mouth; but she discreetly bit her lips, and kept it tight between her teeth.

It was remarkable to see while Miss Camoy was speaking how the grateful expression on Lydia's features gradually faded away, and left only a cold rigidity there. Nevertheless, in her strait she had plenty of intelligence to see that the offer, stripped of all sentiment, opened to her the best course for her to pursue. With Miss Camoy she would be safe from all remark, be able more completely than before to support herself, and if, as it had been hitherto her lot, she would again be thrown in close contact with those with whom she had scarcely one feeling in sympathy, it would be vain to regret that which it seemed to be the will of Heaven should be her normal condition.

So she quietly and briefly thanked Miss Camoy for her offer and accepted it, saying that she would work as hard as she could to fully repay the obligation she would be under, and hoped that she would not for any length of time be a source of inconvenience or trouble to her.

"Much depends on—" burst from Miss Camoy's lips, with a strange glitter in her eyes. Yet she caught herself up with a sharp nip of her netter lip with her upper teeth, and added, instead, "But we will talk all about that by and by. Let us be off."

And off they went—Lollie clinging to Lydia as if she was going to lose her in some mysterious way forever.

The journey to London was performed safely. Lollie's mother, who had joined the party at the station, took her daughter home with her, Lollie parting from them only on condition that she had free access to Lydia whenever she desired it.

Miss Camoy readily assented to this, because she had, in the interim between the steamboat trip and her visit to Lydia, changed her residence also, and she knew that Lollie was not likely soon to discover it.

Lydia was surprised when she saw how elegantly Miss Camoy's "second-floor front" was furnished, and how charming a little sleeping apartment had been provided for her. Not only was everything in it so beautifully clean and orderly as to appear quite new, but there were numberless little articles of luxury for the toilet, such as she had not been accustomed to before—at least, some far off, dim memory made her fancy that she had seen such within her reach before, still only in a dream.

To her surprise, Miss Camoy informed her on the following day that she would not until quite restored to health be expected to resume her place in the workroom, but that she was to stay in peace and quietude in the second-floor front, designing patterns when she felt so disposed, or amusing herself at a most beautiful sewing-machine, which had been placed in the apartment for her special use.

There was something in all these arrangements and the comforts by which she was surrounded, and even in the manner of Miss Camoy, which she did not understand, and served to make her restless, yet gave her no opportunity for expressing her thoughts or asking for a solution.

The solution, however, came soon to her, for on the third day on which she had been left alone in the second-floor front, and was employing herself in working out a design, though her thoughts were concentrated in another direction, she heard the room door gently open, and she perceived Mr. Athol enter the apartment, after having carefully closed the door behind him.

Her mind at once made its leap, and she knew that before her she saw the solution of what had so very recently been an enigma to her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MARRIAGE ALONE SANCTIFIES LOVE.

Before her visitor had time to cross the space between her and the door she rose up to receive him, but with a swift and violent throbbing of the heart, and a sudden faintness overpowering her, as if she should at once swoon outright.

Her heart seemed, rapid as were its pulsations, to be struggling to leap to her throat, that it might dictate the expressions of gratitude she was desirous of conveying to him for having saved her life at the risk of his own; but her throat rebelled and contracted, and her lips refused to do their duty, while a film passed over her sight, and a confusing, dazing, surging in the ears and brain robbed her of all power to do aught but to stand motionless.

Withal she heard plainly enough the soft music of his voice, and the touch of his hand upon her own—a touch which imparted a delicious thrill to her, new and delightful.

She heard herself entreated to be seated again, for that it was evident to the speaker she was far from being recovered from the shock her system had sustained in the recent accident, and then she raised her eyes and looked into his.

It was perfectly involuntarily—in fact, it was a resistless impulse. She felt an imperious necessity urging her to convey to him how deeply impressed she was by the service he had rendered her, and as she had no words at her command, she trusted her eyes to speak for her.

It was a language so very clear and eloquent, he interpreted it without making a single error in the translation, and he pressed her soft fingers in proof that he understood the look.

And still unable to maintain a cold self-control, she returned that pressure—slightly, perhaps, but she returned it.

No doubt it was his turn to experience that exquisite thrill running swiftly through his frame which she had experienced from the touch of his hand, for he looked for an instant confused, then his face and forehead were suffused with a scarlet flush, which she observing, found at once her face and neck aflame too, and sank on to her chair even as he had counselled her.

She saw dimly that he took a chair and placed it near to her's, so that he could feast his eyes upon her beautiful countenance, and catch her lightest whisper.

The situation, to be thus alone with him, and no prying eyes to watch the flitting expression of unspeakable happiness illumining her delicate features, was one of supreme felicity to her, though but of brief duration, and with a scarcely controllable joy he perceived how quietly glad she was.

At first it seemed their sentences were mere hesitating common-places, but soon they grew into thoughtful, earnest utterances, of the deepest import to both, and by slow but certain degrees her happiness changed to sad foreboding and irrepressible despondency.

The subject of her rescue was a theme which he would not permit to be dwelt upon. He simply said that the moment following the dreadful crash he found himself struggling in the river, and her face disappearing beneath the agitated waters within a few feet of him. Being a strong swimmer, he at once seized hold of her, and supported her until they were picked up.

"I should have done the same had you been one of your young companions, whom I knew not either by countenance or name; though I am bound to admit the pleasure one naturally feels in rendering such a service to a fellow-creature in peril, was immeasurably enhanced in the knowledge that it was you whom I was so specially privileged to save."

She returned no answer to this. What could she have said? She only made some meaningless pencil-markings with her trembling fingers on the paper before her; but she thought more even than she would have said had she dared to say anything.

Pretending not to observe that her thoughts were occupied in dissenting to the form in which he had put his gallant action, he went on to say—

"I believe you are acquainted with the unhappy error into which your—as I am given to understand—only surviving parent has fallen by a newspaper report stating that a number of young persons were drowned, and among the number a Miss L. Smith. I am delighted to tell you that no lives were lost, and the mistake occurred through the party returned as missing having been picked up by the boat of a steamer proceeding to Scotland, and carried on to Dover before they were landed."

"I am so very gratified to hear this," murmured Lydia, not trusting her eyes, however, in his direction—at present, at least.

"I have been making energetic efforts to discover whither your only-too prompt mamma has betaken herself—at present without success," continued Mr. Athol, affecting much calmness; "but I shall shortly find her, there can be no doubt. In the meanwhile, you will make yourself perfectly contented here, I trust, with Miss Camoy, for she has instructions to let you want for nothing, and not to permit you to retard your progress to recovery by labors which we should consider dearly purchased indeed if they caused you a relapse."

"I am very much stronger, and quite able to earn sufficient to repay to Miss Camoy whatever I may become indebted to her," rejoined Lydia, with a half-frightened look, as if she guessed to whom her present obligation was rightfully due. "I will return to my position with the firm to-morrow—or next day at latest—and work very hard indeed. I shall only need a small apartment here until I have rejoined mamma."

He made a slight gesture with his hand, and with a smile responded—

"You are under the charge of friends who have more care for you than to permit you, from a sentimental wish to be free from obligation, to endanger your restoration to health, and—" He hesitated for a moment, and then went on, a little desperately, "I am hopeful—I desire—that is, I wish—to impress—no, I want to say that the question of your return to your former position in our house must be a subject of future discussion."

Then he paused as she turned upon him a look of astonishment and dismay.

He tried to smile, as if what he had said was a matter-of-course affair; but he found it difficult, and then, permitting his countenance to betray the earnestness and anxiety under which he was really laboring, he resumed—

"I hope you will be perfectly easy in your mind regarding the security of your position, and not for a moment allow any highly-refined sensitiveness on the point of 'favors received' to create obstacles to your own advancement. I mean," he added, correcting himself hastily, "to your own happiness in the future."

He paused, and fastened his gaze a little eagerly upon her eyelids—for her eyes were downcast—expecting that she would upraise them, and bend upon him a look of inquiry. This she did not do, for her mind and anticipations were already in advance of his, and she intuitively surmised that he was breaking ground for a path which was to lead—Heaven alone knew where. Her fears and her quick calculations only made her forecast an end which would be for her an unhappy one at least.

For in the hidden recesses of her heart she felt that he was all the world to her—the only object in the hazy vista of the future upon which she could look, as though he were a star, in the darkness of her coming life—on which she could look with loving, yearning, yet hopeless eyes.

She did not raise, as we have said, her trembling lids—she could not; neither could she utter a word, for what could she have said if she had essayed to speak? Only her heart beat tumultuously and her cheek burned with painful fierceness.

As she continued silent, he, with an evident effort, proceeded to say—

"It is indeed of your future that I am here to offer a few suggestions. May I—Lydia?"

She started at the sound of that familiar word coming from his lips, and partly raised her eyes, only, however, to let them fall again. In a faint voice she rejoined—

"I am too deeply indebted to you, sir, to refuse to listen to anything I could suppose you would be likely to say to me."

"In another form I will gladly accept that acknowledgment," he returned, hastily. "Leave out the indebtedness, and believe that I would not submit to you any proposition to which you would be justified in refusing to listen."

She looked up quickly into his eyes, and so gratefully, his heart leaped to his mouth, urging him to pour out a passionate burst of incoherence; but with a strong exertion of his will he curbed himself, and with a rapidly-beating heart, which interfered a little with his steadiness of speech, he resumed—

"I will not deny that I am very proud of having been able to render you a service in a moment of such imminent peril, or that, in spite of the urgings of a higher principle, I do feel I have a superior claim to your consideration than most other persons."

"Indeed—indeed, you have!" she exclaimed with an uncontrollable impulse, half rising from her chair, and then sinking back in some little confusion.

He drew a little nearer to her, and in a tone which thrilled through every nerve in her frame, he added—

"Than all other persons?"

She could not articulate a sound.

"That is," he subjoined, after a moment's silence, "all of my sex?"

Although the question appeared to be so simple and so easily answered, she could not speak—she dared not.

If she said what she thought—what she felt—she intuitively knew that it would be to make a tacit admission of that which she would desire, and, indeed, fairly resolved to keep—nay, to nourish and to cherish as the dearest secret in her possession—still, as a secret.

His face grew a shade whiter, and his eyes expanded, as he looked upon her flushed face, and he felt a sickness at heart—a jealous sickness, which ought to have told him, if the presence of her beauty did not, how dear she had become to him.

"You are silent, Miss Smith," he resumed, with a slight huskiness in his voice. "I entreat you to answer me with candor, and with as little reserve as you are able, for your answers will have a weighty importance for me, and must have an influence on your prospects."

"I will answer you truthfully, sir," she returned, quickly, and with some dignity. "I must reserve, however, my right to be silent when I think it becomes my—my position to remain so; it is very humble, you will remember, Mr. Athol, and therefore needs a more jealous guardianship."

"This girl is of no common origin," he thought, eagerly. "It is impossible. There is blood, breed, birth in every outline, contour, look, voice, word. I will discover who she is."

Then he said, aloud—

"I would not *for worlds* invade your self-respect, even accidentally, knowingly. I only seek to obtain an answer to a question which, I will not disguise, is of no small interest to me. I am given to understand that you passed through the interval between your youthful girlhood and your present approach to womanhood in the United States of America."

She bowed her head assentingly.

"May I ask at what age you quitted America?"

"When entering my seventeenth year," she returned, half tremulously.

"You have not, then, been in England very long?"

"No."

"Believe me, I am not actuated by any feeling of impertinent curiosity, or by any incentive but what is purely personal to myself, if I ask you whether you formed any attachment previous to your return."

Her face, neck and forehead crimsoned, for she guessed what this was all leading up to; yet, though her heart fluttered, and she trembled and felt cold with excitement, she smiled faintly and archly as she replied—

"One!"

If she had raised up a revolver, presented it at his forehead, and sent its bullet crashing through his brain, she could scarcely have more effectually stunned him.

He leaped to his feet, and turning from her, walked to the window and looked up at the sky.

"Goo," he champed, "one—who—some schoolboy—some young fool—some—Heavens, that India villain!"

He turned round upon his heel, and advanced to her rather grandly, and in a haughty, distant tone, said—

"Should I be encroaching on your self-respect, or be considered pryingly inquisitive, if I were to ask who the individual may be who has been so fortunate as to win your—your attachment?"

"I have no desire to conceal it," she returned quickly. "It is always a pleasure to me to acknowledge it."

"Of course—no doubt," he rejoined, showing his teeth, and speaking in a tone of polite sarcasm. "Why any reserve on such a subject? In fact, even I—I, Miss Smith, can, I believe, name the much-to-be-envied—person."

"I do not think so, Mr. Athol," she returned, with the faintest curl of her lip toward a smile, "for I refer to the mistress of the school at which I was placed in Philadelphia. She was so very, very good to me, so very thoughtful and affectionate, that I could not help loving her very much indeed."

His chest heaved with a heavy sigh of relief. He dropped down in his chair, where it still remained close to hers. He leaned toward her, and gazed with passionate earnestness to her upraised eyes, for it was, she found, an impossible thing for her to prevent them uplifting.

He hemmed slightly.

"None other, Miss Smith?" he asked, in an eager, tremulous voice.

It was demanded in a tone she had no power to resist.

"None other," she returned.

He uttered an ejaculation of intense satisfaction.

She heard, and instantly comprehended its meaning, and as if frightened at what she had admitted, she added—

"You should be told, sir, that at my school I was a mere prisoner. I was not permitted to see any one but the principal and the assistants, and on my return to New York I was confined, it might be termed, to my apartment, until we made the voyage to England."

"I regard that as rather a fortunate thing for you," he rejoined, pressing his hands one over another with undisguised gratification; and then, resuming his grave, earnest tone, he said, slowly, "May I presume to surmise that since your return to this country you have not been so circumstanced as to form an attachment to any one—at least, of my sex," he concluded, hurriedly.

She dropped her eyes. He beheld her face and brow suffused with an instant flush of scarlet. He saw it disappear almost as quickly, and that she became as white as marble—even her lips lost their tint.

Down went his heart to zero again, for she remained as silent as a sculptured saint.

He pressed both his closed hands on his chest, and with almost pitiful earnestness urged her to answer that question.

"It is, I pray you to believe, of the last importance to me that you should answer me with the frankest unreserve, and without fear that I will be less your—friend than I am now."

Poor Lydia! What could she say in reply to this? She had formed an attachment, it was useless to disguise that fact, and its object was within reach of her hand; but she dared not make the confession. She could not forget what Mr. Fisell had on board the steamboat impressed on her, or that mysterious voice which had whispered in her ear—

"The shield with a Scottish lion rampant will not admit a sewing-machine within its pale. Loving does not always mean honoring."

She could not disguise from herself that the son of a duke would not descend to make her his wife, and, therefore, to tell him that she loved him, could only end in her own undoing. She might cherish her love in silence—there would be no harm in that; but to reveal it was but to court destruction.

So she, with bowed head, remained still silent.

He rose up and paced the room again; he fastened his burning, aching eyes upon her face and the graceful outline of her form, and with set teeth and an inward groan, he muttered, inaudibly—

"I love her—my first love—and my last, as I feel—as I know—as Heaven knows! I will know the worst, and then I shall be able to fight my trouble like a man."

He returned to her and stood before her, and said—

"I must press you for an answer—an unreserved answer. You do not seem to comprehend the importance it may be—it is—to me. If you admit that in saving your life I have a claim beyond all else to ask you to be frank with me, I urge that claim now—I urge it because, in having snatched that life from death, I feel that life, as it were, has become a part of my own."

She rose up with a sudden haste, and with a dignity which impressed him in a wondering, questioning way, she answered, half passionately—

"Mr. Athol, do not forget your birth, your position in life—and mine. Of what importance can an answer from me on such a subject—though serious to me—be to you? If I answer in the affirmative, it would be of little interest to you; if I answered 'No,' it could be no more."

"You are wrong, Lydia," he cried, excitedly. "I swear you are wrong. Be my birth what it may, I am human, and in order that we may not at this point stand in false relations to each other, let me declare, upon my honor, that I am prouder of knowing myself to be a true and honorable gentleman than that I am the son of a duke. At least, I wish you to believe that your honor and your reputation are as dear to me as my own. I will neither injure the one nor sully the other—I appeal to Heaven. You may trust me, therefore, fully—as a brother, if you will—as—"

She uttered a strange cry, and fell back on her chair, with her eyes hidden by her hands, and gave way to a burst of hysterical tears.

She felt keenly the strength of the temptation to which she was now subjected, and she prayed earnestly for strength to be able to withstand it.

He saw there was some very powerful contention going on in her mind, and he guessed that it related mainly to the difference in their positions, and if that sentimental consideration were removed, he would obtain the answer he wished.

He racked his brain for a few minutes, leaving her tears to have free way, and then, suddenly, as if he had lighted on a new idea, he once again moved nearer to her, and said, in those soft, low, impressive tones which had so extraordinary an influence upon her—

"My question is, I admit, a strange one emanating from me, and would be an impertinent, prying and inquisitive interrogatory, which you would be justified in meeting with a scornful silence, but for one thing—I have now a life interest in you. Listen, I entreat you, attentively to what I am about to say, and I pray you to answer me if you can."

She still remained silent, with her face hidden by her hands, and drawing a deep breath, he went on—

"Be pleased to forget that I am the son of a duke; remember only that I am a merchant—a trader—nothing more. Suppose me to be in a position but little, in a pecuniary sense, above your own, and if I were in such case now to say to you, 'Will you try to love me and be my wife?' would you be compelled to rise up and say to me, 'I cannot, for I have formed another attachment?'"

She answered him with a sob.

He sank on his knees before her, and gently drew her hands away.

"I am the humble trader only, Lydia," he murmured, with quivering lips. "Have you formed another attachment?"

She gazed at his handsome upturned face, at his eyes, like her own, suffused with tears; she felt her heart straining and beating against her side; voices seemed to shriek in her ears, "Beware! beware!" and yet she was powerless to resist the words which burst from her control through her lips.

"I have formed no other attachment. Pity me and have mercy!"

Ah, that mercy!

She felt herself seized and pressed with passionate fervor to his breast, and she heard him, with a bliss which seemed transcendent, cry, "Mine! mine!"—for was *he* not *her* own?

Yet in an instant she felt herself so abruptly released, and heard him, as he turned swiftly from her, make a fierce and angry exclamation.

She looked up. The door was wide open, and upon the threshold, looking as angular and three-cornered, but not as straight, as a prism, and as green and sickly as an opal, stood Mr. Fisell.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE RESULT.

BY ANICNARF.

The grass is green in the door-yard;
And green are the orchard leaves,
There's a swallow's nest in the chimney,
And a pee-wee's under the eaves.

The sky is blue above me,
The air is a perfumed breath,
There's none on earth to love me—
Life is but death.

Nellie Dilson sang the words with a pitiful tremor of her sweet, red lips; and there was such a whole life-time of heart-ache trilling through the last two lines, while the little fingers of the singer trembled over the keys in such a weary manner, that it seemed any one but our usually blithe, cheerful Nellie who sat at the piano trying to coax the sweet, morning breezes to waft away her trouble on the wings of this plaintive little song. It was in reality a very silly sentiment for her to express. She had a good, kind papa, a fond, tender mamma, and half a dozen brothers and sisters, who all, from first to last, "doted" on Nellie—even the baby, who would willingly leave its mother's protecting arms to nestle and coo under Nellie's joyous caresses.

And then Nellie had a lover besides. Not a "rich but hated suitor," but the ideal of her mind, the idol of her heart, the "man amongst men" to her, for whom to have laid down her innocent life would have been absolute pleasure, and to whom she was "engaged." At least she had been an hour ago. But now! Herein lay the cause of her trouble.

She had that morning despatched a note to Henry Benton, releasing him from his engagement, and had just received a proudly-worded reply, informing her it "should be as she wished." And when she read it, she thought how far, how very far it was from being as she wished, but that it was as it must be now. So you see Nellie's trouble was no small matter, after all. But she sought and obtained sustaining grace from that kind Friend who sees and helps us bear all our burdens, and went on her way quiet and calm, but with all the sunshine shut out from her young life, it seemed to her forever.

This is how it came about: Henry Benton was supremely happy in the love and promised possession of his sweet betrothed, and for a time it seemed impossible for a cloud ever to darken the bright sky of his hopes. "You all know," says Aunt Jerusha, "what idiots young folks be. I was young myself once, so I have a right to say so." And so she had; and I endorse her opinion on the same sufficient grounds.

So Henry Benton, being "young folks," must needs, after the manner of that irresponsible class of persons, set to work to destroy his happiness, if the act is at all practicable, and then, when it is accomplished, bewail fate and call destiny hard names. For Nellie Dilson, being somewhat shy, and moreover having ideas of her own as to what was proper conduct for engaged persons, was not quite as demonstrative as young Henry would have her be, and from this very insufficient cause he argued that she did not love him as fervently as she should. In order to set this doubt at rest, he determined to try what he considered a very ingenious and original plan, viz, to make the young lady jealous. I must here remark, in behalf of the young gentleman whose love story I am trying to tell you, that he was by no means the donkey that this unvarnished fact makes him appear. He only considered jealousy an infallible evidence of love.

Perhaps it is. But he should have remembered also, that, though "jealousy is cruel as the grave," and "the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame," that there are those who can suffer and not cry out, who endure but show no sign.

The means being fortunately, or unfortunately, at hand, in the shape of a stylish and rather pretty young lady from the city, who was spending the "out-of-town" season in this more than ordinarily attractive "rural district" with her brother, Dr. Somers and his proud wife, our hero, "rashly importunate," lost no time, but with a dispatch which must have highly pleased his prompter, Satan, put his determination into practice as far as his efforts were concerned.

But Nellie's jealousy was not apparent after two weeks of mild flirtation, amply encouraged by Miss Somers, and interspersed with occasional calls on Nellie to observe if his plan was working favorably.

Finding her evidently unmolested by the "green-eyed monster," our silly lover resolves not to see her for a week, and devote himself entirely to Miss Somers, who, being perfectly aware of his engagement from the first, did her share of the performance with her eyes open.

Miss Nellie Dilson, notwithstanding her sweet temper, and gentle, loving heart, possessed a reasonable degree of pride; so, at the end of the week, Mr. Henry Burton received his reward—the note before referred to, giving him his freedom. He, with the usual masculine consistency, was furious, and considered himself dreadfully wronged, because his betrothed could not trust him in spite of his apparent neglect, and wrote a cool reply, though he he was more miserable than he could have told, and became the "town-talk" by his extravagant attentions to Miss Somers; the head gossip asserting that "the city gal had cut out Nellie Dilson as slick as you please."

Miss Somers enjoyed the reputation highly, and resolved to show the community at large how completely she had captured their matrimonial prize, and that too when he had been considered as secured by one the neighborhood boasted of as the "beauty of seven counties."

The time she selected for the public exhibition of her power, was to be at the annual pic-nic to be held the next week, in the grove by the lake.

You are aware, perhaps, that it is the custom of the gay people of Lakeside to hold one grand pic-nic each summer, to which all other pic-nics and parties which preceded it, or might come after it, were mere tributaries and branches. Everybody went, for everybody else was sure to be there. There never were such tables set outside of that sylvan grove by the lake. Never were such songs sung. Never such delightful strolls as those in these grand promenades formed by nature, slightly assisted, perhaps, by art. And then the rowing on the lake; the return by moonlight to some one of the hospitable country mansions where the pleasures of the day came to a focus in a "perfectly splendid" whirl of enjoyment, called a party. Events occurring at this time were sure to be remembered, for though all this might not cause the earth to tremble to its centre, nor dynasties to tremble, still it was quite an affair, as far as it went, and by no means to be spoken slightingly of.

With what different feelings did the characters in this life drama, which I am portraying for you, prepare themselves for this gala day of which I am writing, which brought forth unlooked-for events and more than common results.

Miss Somers "got herself up" gorgeously, soliloquizing, meanwhile, that her little exploit would undoubtedly ruin her dress, but then, such a triumph as she should enjoy would be worth half a dozen dresses. Besides, she should accept Mr. Benton, and he being so rich, dresses need not be a matter of anxiety to her any more. Then she smiled complacently, and wondered if "Harry" had ever cared very much for that Nellie Dilson, who was sweet enough to be an angel, but she didn't like her.

Nellie, arrayed in snowy white, herself as white as the dress she wore, knelt, ere she left her chamber, and prayed for strength to bear the trials of the day. She pleaded with tearful eyes and quivering lips for a blessing on *him* she loved so dearly; and for *her*, that she might be happy in her love. Then she descended, and with her father and sisters was soon on her way to the pic-nic grounds; for she must go with her aching heart, and be merry with the rest,—it would be remarked upon if she should remain at home, and her sisters would have been disappointed, and Nellie was not selfish even in her sorrow.

Arrived at the grove, Nellie was soon surrounded by a crowd of admirers, who secretly rejoiced at the turn affairs were taking, and were happy for the opportunity of enjoying Nellie's society again. And Nellie sang, and laughed, and promenaded, and sipped lemonade and ate dainty pieces of cake, and chatted across ice-cream and bon-bons to her companions, who, when she had gone away for a sail on the lake with one of the number, averred that they "believed she did not care a bit."

Nellie caught glimpses of Mr. Benton several times, always with Miss Somers. Whether he purposely avoided her she could not tell. She was inwardly thankful that they came in no closer contact, though she could not repress a desire to look into those eloquent eyes that had so short a time ago beamed in love upon her.

The sail over, she and her companions stood chatting on the lake shore, and Nellie was wondering how much longer she could keep up this appearance of gayety, while at her heart there was such a keen anguish that she felt almost as if she must cry out. At last, thinking she would look for her father and ask him to take her home, she turned around and stood facing Miss Somers and Mr. Benton. The latter gave a visible start, but bowed coldly.

The former exclaimed animatedly: "We are going for a sail, Miss Dilson; but why do you look so solemn amid so much gayety. *I* never enjoyed myself better. I think it is just superb."

The truth was, Miss Somers had observed at a distance, that if Nellie was at all concerned, she was effectually concealing the fact, and she thought this open attack would cause her at least to show annoyance.

Nellie merely smiled and replied: "Do not give yourself unnecessary uneasiness on my account, Miss Somers." Adding: "You will find the sailing splendid," as she stood aside to allow them to pass on to the boat, which was moored close to the bank where they stood.

Mr. Benton had handed Miss Somers into the boat, and was unmooring it from its fastenings preparatory to taking his place beside her, when she suddenly exclaimed—

"Oh, Mr. Benton, I have left my parasol at the music-stand! I will wait in the boat while you *bring* it."

She chatted with gayety and a great deal of animation to Nellie while he was gone: arranging her drapery while she stood in the prow of the boat, recklessly near the edge, Nellie thought. Presently, when Mr. Benton was returning, and within ten yards of the boat, she half-stepped on the edge of the tiny skiff, and in an affrighted tone cried out—

"Oh, save me, Miss Dilson! I am falling!"

She reached out her hand toward Nellie, who impulsively clasped it with both of hers. Miss Somers swayed toward the lake, and in an instant they were both in the water.

This, then, was what she referred to as her "little exploit." Risking her own life and the life of another, far better prepared to die than herself, to show to the people assembled there, that it would be herself whom Henry Benton would rescue, and *not* his supposed betrothed—Nellie Dilson. It would be *such* a triumph, and there would be plenty of others to save Miss Dilson, some of the rustic youths would no doubt drag her to shore; there was no real danger, she thought.

When Henry Benton saw what had occurred, with a cry of dismay he sprang to the spot, threw off his coat and plunged into the lake with a face as white and set as marble. Two or three others who had been standing nearer, sprang in at the same time.

The force of the fall was such that both Miss Somers and Nellie sank from sight—the former re-appearing a few yards from the shore, the latter farther out.

Miss Somers was grasped as she was sinking the second time, and as she felt herself lifted in the strong arms of her rescuer, she fainted (?) She had no doubt as to who had saved her. Our sweet Nellie being farther from shore, sank again before the eager arms battling with the treacherous element could reach her, and when she rose again still farther from shore, and with a face like one dead, *her lover*, it *could* be no other, with a frenzied effort reached her and clasped her closely, oh, how closely! just as she was sinking for the last time.

With what thankfulness he bore the precious burden to the shore. With what reverence he laid the slender form on the green sward. And regardless of the throng, who almost in tears and terribly excited had witnessed all, he chafed the little hands, and calling her by all the old endearing names with which he had used to address her before their estrangement, he beseeched her to open her sweet eyes and tell him she was not dead.

The words and tone seemed to infuse new life into the slight form. With a long, shuddering sob, she unclosed her eyes, raised them to the face of the pleader, and with an angel's smile and a murmured "Oh, my darling!" she fainted away again, I believe, with very joy, seeing who had saved her.

Some one had hastened through the crowd to find Dr. Somers, who came up, looked gravely at Nellie's white face, ordered her taken immediately home, gave other directions, and inquired for his sister.

After it was known that Miss Somers was safe, she had been temporarily forgotten, but her brother's inquiry directed attention to her.

She was supported by a rough but kind-hearted old farmer—the same who had brought her out of the lake—and who was now waiting for her to "Have her faint out," which she seemed about to do.

She threw her head back, murmured—"Oh, Henry!" languidly opened her eyes, raised them to the kind face bent solicitously above her, and thereupon began to act rather extraordinarily for a young lady just recovering from a swoon.

She sprang to her feet, and glancing angrily at the man, who deserved, at least, a pleasant "I thank you" for the service he had rendered her, she exclaimed vehemently:

"You boor! How dare you?" And bursting into a passionate flood of tears, demanded of her sister-in-law, who came up at the instant, the whereabouts of her brother.

"Why is he not here to take me away from this vulgar crowd?"

Mrs. Dr. Somers looked extremely mortified at this unlady-like outbreak; but replied soothingly:

"Hush, Blanche! He is coming. He has been attending to Miss Dilson, who, it seems, came near her death by this unfortunate accident." She did not suspect that it had been planned by Miss Somers.

"Well, if she has, am I to be neglected by *every* one for that girl with her baby-face?" She seemed in imminent peril of "hysterics," but the appearance of her brother, the doctor, who knew her temper, and who remarking that she also needed care, led her to his carriage, prevented the catastrophe.

The doctor's lady, after ascertaining that Miss Dilson was out of danger and had been taken home, followed, and they drove away—Miss Somers reflecting, no doubt, that her *triumph* had not been such a brilliant affair after all.

Two or three days after, when her feelings had had time to calm, her cooler judgment informed her that appearances demanded that she should call on Miss Dilson and express her *regrets* (which she could do with a clear conscience) for what had occurred.

Accordingly, summoning her whole stock of self-assurance, she proceeded to do so.

The sight that met her eyes as she sauntered up the walk through the Dilson grounds was not calculated to inspire her with a very great amount of self-possession.

Nellie, almost recovered, and looking sweeter than ever, was seated in a comfortable lounge on the verandah. Henry Benton, looking radiantly happy, was sitting by her side.

Unconscious of her approach, he bent his head toward Nellie, who now not only allowed him to kiss her mouth, but the sweet, trembling lips also responded, though her head drooped shyly, and the blush on her fair face attested to her bashfulness.

When Henry raised his head, Miss Somers with a face which she tried to make look sarcastic stood before him. Nellie blushed violently. Henry, who did not seem troubled with any embarrassing feelings, nonchalantly invited her to a seat, but she replied stiffly:

"No, thank you! I will not disturb such an interesting *tete-a-tete*. I merely came to express my regrets to Miss Dilson, that in her efforts to save me from a fall into the lake, she shared it with me, with a *nearly* disastrous effect."

Nellie was preparing to reply to this grand speech, but Miss Somers turned her back, walked haughtily down the walk and disappeared through the shrubbery. The next day she went back to the city; and it is to be presumed that she found other more pleasant summer resorts: at any rate, she never returned to Lakeside.

As for our young lovers, Henry and Nellie, we leave them, reluctantly it may be, but they have now no more need of us. After their little lesson, so well learned, we can rely on their judgment to have the marriage properly conducted.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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UPS AND DOWNS. An Every-Day Novel. By EDWARD E. HALE, author of "The Man Without a Country," etc. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE CHESS RECORD. A new monthly paper devoted to the noble game of Chess, has been issued in this city by Mr. Geo. C. HELMSOLD, 323 Walnut St. It is edited by G. Reichelm. It is to be a Cyclopædia of the best Foreign and Domestic Chess, and devoted to the Analysis, Instruction and General Advancement of the Game.

[From the Louisville Courier-Journal.]

A Long-Lived Family.

Probably the Hoagland family, of Hunter's Bottom, Ky., affords the most eminent instance of longevity of any one family in the West. There were ten children, six of whom are now living in the same locality where their father, Judge Cornelius Hoagland, from Morris county, N. J., settled in the year 1800. This family of sons and daughters are aged as follows: Moses, aged 91 years, Gilla, 78, Martin 65, John 71, Okey 82, Jane 84, George 80, Caroline 75, Cornelia 73, Emily 70—making a total of 769 years, or an average of 77 years. As before stated, Cornelius Hoagland, the father, settled in Carroll county in 1800. He was elected Judge of the Circuit Court, and served with great satisfaction to his district. One evening, after court had adjourned, he visited a piece of new ground which was being prepared for cultivation, received a blow from a falling limb, and died soon after. This was in the year 1805, near Fort Williams, now Carrollton. His oldest son, Moses, was on the staff of General Andrew Jackson throughout the Creek and Seminole war and the war with Great Britain, serving with much distinction, with the rank of major. For many years all matters of dispute between neighbors in the section in which he lived were referred to him for adjustment. This family have lived very quietly, and in all probability to their sobriety and regular habits is to be attributed the long lives they have enjoyed. The indications now are that the average age of each will run above ninety years, as the living members of the family are all hale and hearty for their years.

☞ An Iowa journal recommends people who advertise on fences to mix a little spelling in along with their paint.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Another Illinoisan has paid successful court to his wife, from whom he was divorced a year ago, and was formally re-married to her last week.

☞ Captain Jack says if the episcopy don't get among his horses, he will capture the United States, and be ready to leave the country out in small lots to foreign purchasers by the 1st of September.

☞ A Buffalo girl, pretty and eighteen, has sold over five hundred sewing machines in the last two years. She travels with a horse and wagon, smiling when she leaves a machine and shedding tears if anybody afterwards refuses to keep it. This does the business.

☞ How differently people take compliments. The King of Denmark has formally thanked Professor Watson of the Michigan University for having named a newly-discovered asteroid after his daughter, the Princess Thyra, while a Mr. Smith, of Rochester, kicked a canal mariner for naming a mud-scow after one of his (Smith's) daughters.

☞ A correspondent sends us a recipe, "How to Cure a When." But we don't know why he should want to cure a "When" any more than a Which or a Wherefore or a What. He should hunt up a recipe to cure a bad spell, and give it a trial.—*Norristown Herald.*

☞ A poor servant girl, living in Decatur, Ill., has labored and saved for years, that she might send money to Germany to bring over her father, mother and five brothers and sisters. At last they received a sufficient sum, all embarked on the steamer Atlantic, and all were lost.

☞ The editor of a children's paper received a letter from a lady subscriber recently, in which was written, "Our Anna died last week, after reading the last number of your valuable paper."

"Men are what Women make Them" is the singular title of a new book. It may be true, but we have seen some dreadfully poor specimens of the manufactured article, which fact reflects badly either upon the material or the maker.

☞ A rough who was stabbed was reported by the surgeon to be "doing well." A waggish reporter added, "this is the first time in his life he has been recorded as doing well."

☞ An exchange announces that a conductor on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad had one of his fingers badly jammed, the other day, between Bridgeport and New Haven. Just how those two cities were brought into such close juxtaposition is not explained.

☞ A precipitate Detroiter is miserable at discovering that his wife inherited half a million just after he had procured a divorce from her.

☞ "Oh, ma," said a little girl who had been to the show, "I've seen the elephant, and he walks backwards and eats with his tail."

☞ A North Carolina paper says of an execution to come off in that State, "The hanging will be private, and none but persons having an invitation from the courteous and efficient sheriff will be permitted to see George 'launched into eternity.'"

☞ A Terre Haute mule saved a valuable horse for his owner, a few nights ago, by kicking a thief out of the stable.

☞ A married man in Connecticut, who was told that a woman had been made dumb by being hit with a snow-ball, promptly said it appeared to him that the winter had gone remarkably quick.

☞ Not to be behindhand, Muncy (Pa.) produces a real ghost in the shape of a beautiful young lady, who goes from house to house, never speaking to any one, and only murmuring, "I cannot find it." She is probably hunting after her umbrella.

☞ An exchange says:—"We arise in the morning, and with the brush of nature paint with roseate hues the path that lies before us." That is what he says. What he really does, after being kicked out of bed, is to get his pants on wrong, seize a brush of bristles, and paint with raven hues a cook stove as large as a livery stable. Poetry is one of those things it doesn't do to look into.

☞ Twelve years ago a farmer in Connecticut committed suicide by placing the muzzle of a gun to his breast and discharging the weapon with a poker. Last week his son, also a farmer, killed himself precisely in the same manner, with the same gun, and in the same room.

☞ Mr. Jones thinks that his kitchen clock must keep "the time that tries men's souls." He never knows when dinner is going to be ready.

☞ An impulsive young man in Waterbury, Connecticut, sent his girl the piece of sheet music entitled, "I will meet you at the Beautiful Gate." Her father saw the piece when she opened the package, and after daubing a bucketful of tar over the gate, quietly remarked to his daughter, "He can wait for you if he wants to, but you won't either of you swing on that gate if tar will keep you off." That young man now sings, "No little one to meet me."

☞ Jorkins has a cow with a pedigree, and she is a picture to look at. It is no use to tell him (Jorkins) about other cows that give more milk and make more pounds of butter. When you have a cow with a pedigree and beauty, milk and butter are of no sort of consequence.

☞ A report was circulated in Chicago that a lady was running a sewing-machine by mule-power. On investigation a local reporter ascertained that the power was that of a person who had been married to the lady.

☞ A damsel of Fond du Lac, became engaged to six young farmers, and on a certain day called them together and told them to fight for her hand. She married the remnant of a man, which was left standing at the conclusion of the contest.

☞ A missing man, advertised as having a Roman nose, has been given up for lost. Such a nose can never turn up.

☞ An exchange wants to know why it is that "drowning men catch at a straw." We don't know that they do. We have seen several gentlemen drown, but those of them who had any preference at all seemed to be prejudiced in favor of a plank. We don't remember ever being asked for a straw by a gentleman who was drowning, and it is just as well, perhaps, because we never carry one with us.

A True Lady.

I was once walking a short distance behind a very handsomely-dressed young girl, and as I looked at her beautiful clothes, wondered if she took half as much pains with her heart as she did with her body. A poor old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheel-barrow, and just before he reached us, he made two attempts to go into the yard of a house, but the gate was heavy, and would swing back before he could get in.

"Wait," said the young girl, hurrying forward, "I'll hold the gate open."

And she held the gate till he passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile, as she passed on.

"She deserves to have beautiful clothes," I thought, "for a beautiful spirit dwells within her breast."

☞ The New York Times is naughty enough to state that the first thought of any one, upon reading of a railway collision, has been the wild hope that the prize-package boy has been killed. With his suppression will vanish the only possible consolation which can ever be drawn from a railway accident.

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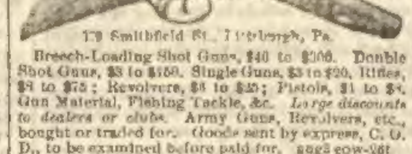

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OBSERVATIONS.

BY MAX ADELER.

—We have received from one of the religious societies a circular, asking us to contribute something toward the establishment of missionaries in Ovolau, one of the Fejee Islands. We would gladly comply with this request but for the fact that all our money is at present locked up in oil stock which we are holding for "a rise." We have been holding it for a rise for the last ten years, and we intend to keep on holding it until 2773 if the rise does not come at an earlier moment. If the society will explain this to the heathen of Ovolau, we have no doubt they will accept our regrets and have patience about being converted until the money-market is easier. Meantime, however, we don't mind sending them a few gratuitious copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*. We cannot approve of cannibalism; it is indelicate and ungentlemanly, but if the heathen *must* eat their missionaries, if they are resolutely determined to assimilate their self-sacrificing friends, it will be better, far, far better to have them properly cooked so that they will digest immediately, and in our columns will occasionally be found the very best recipes for cooking everything, from fried Pennsylvanians down to broiled elbows. And then, when the savage has dined, he can go out and sit under a mango-tree and read the continued stories and weep over the poetry, and smile at the witticisms and parse the advertisements, and dash away his tears and wipe his nose on a banana-leaf, and feel contented and happy. We annex no conditions to this offer excepting that the savages shall be restrained from writing poetry for us for a few years. We love the untutored child of nature, we love him better than he loves his boiled fellow-man; but we do not yearn for his poetry. There are enough pale-face barbarians in the business already, without any effusions coming from the coffee-colored cannibal of the Tropic of Capricorn.

—Plummer spent one summer in Colorado camping out. On a bright July morning he was in his tent performing his toilette duties. One of his companions asked him to come out of the tent for a moment, but Plummer said he couldn't, because he wanted to part his hair. Just then a gigantic Arrapahoe Indian crawled under the canvas, and with one wild whoop and a butcher-knife scalped Plummer. Plummer was surprised, and, in an indignant tone, asked the brave what he meant. It turned out that the aboriginal person understood Plummer to say that he wanted to *part with* his hair. When he discovered his mistake he replaced Plummer's scalp, and Plummer fastened it with a skate-strap buckled under his chin. These mistakes are very unfortunate, but they are excusable as long as the red-man does not understand our language. We must educate him if we would satisfy his craving for higher things, and his immortal longings, and overcome his appetite for hair.

—Did you ever reflect upon the fact that a man's name often has much to do with his claim to fame and immortality? No man with a comic name ever achieved greatness. How, for instance, could Moses ever have been respected by the Israelites if his name had been Mortimer J. Byng? Or how would Pharaoh have supported regal dignity with such a title as Joe McGafferty? Imagine Cæsar laboring under the name of Lemuel S. Toombs, or Hannibal signing himself B. Tomlinson Pugh. They would have died first. Cleopatra would not have been loved by Antony had her clothes been marked Amelia Duffy, and if Joan of Arc had been baptized Matilda G. Molloy, probably we should never have heard of her. Napoleon reached a throne only because his parents persisted in not calling him William Henry Johnson, and Mary Queen of Scots escaped oblivion because she did not appear in the directory as Mary Jane Baumgardner. And so if Shakspeare had been known as Sam Macilhenney, or Calvin as Washington T. Smoot, both would have sunk into forgotten graves. These things are suggestive to parents who want their children to achieve greatness. If you can't wrench out some gorgeous name or other for your offspring take our advice and kill them.

—Ventriloquism is a very beautiful science when it is practised with discretion, but Brown's boy, around the corner from us, admires it with less enthusiasm than he once did. Brown's boy learned the art by watching Blitz, and the other day he was entertaining his little brother by holding an imaginary conversation with a mysterious person who was supposed to be in a Saratoga trunk. When Brown's boy would lift the lid, the voice would grow loud, when he closed it, the tones would die away in a kind of a smothered fashion. At the close of the performance, Brown's boy placed his lips very close to the trunk for the purpose of producing a final effect, when the lid slipped and caught his nose. It was a spring lock, and it snapped and held the ventriloquist firmly. Then Brown's boy, in anguish, got his little brother to help him hold up the trunk, and Brown's boy lifted all he could with his nose, and the procession slowly wound its way down-stairs in search of Mrs. Brown and the key. After ascertaining with a slipper the toughness of the seams in the last patch on young Mr. Brown's pants, Mrs. Brown released him, and he went to bed, melancholy, depressed and with a nose squeezed as thin as a table-knife. He will probably not practice ventriloquism as a profession.

—We barely ever attend Friends' Meeting, but a few weeks ago we were passing the door of a meeting-house, and concluded to drop in for a moment. Gunn, who was with us, had a musical-box with him, which he had just borrowed from a friend and was taking home. We feared that musical-box when we went in, but Gunn assured us it was perfectly safe. There was a silent meeting for awhile, and then a female Friend rose and began to speak. Suddenly, Gunn's musical-box burst out with, "Oh, take your time, Miss Lucy," and rattled out that tune with frightful vehemence. The Friend sat down, and the meeting was amazed. But Gunn's machine, after exhausting Miss Lucy, switched off into "Listen to the Mocking Bird," and tore around through "Happy Land of Canaan," and changed into "Ringing the Bells for Sarah," and fired off a few wild strains of "Polly put the Kettle on," besides unlimited variations. We never knew that so many variations could be constructed on such a small number of tunes, and Gunn grew redder and redder, and the meeting madder and madder, until one elderly Friend arose and embraced Mr. Gunn's ear and led him forth; while another picked up the musical box which reeled out tunes with intenser fury and broke out into a fresh assortment of variations, and deposited it in the yard. Then Mr. Gunn went home, and fired his revolver into the box and whacked it with a crowbar to stop it, and swore. It is certain he swore, and that is the reason why we are afraid the religious exercises did him no great amount of good.

—The efforts now making in several of the states to introduce valuable varieties of fish into the rivers, deserve encouragement and success, and if we can furnish any assistance in the way of suggestions, of course, we will be glad to do so. It has occurred to us that as salt mackerel seem to be more popular than the fresh ones, perhaps it will be better to breed that variety. The rapidity with which salt mackerel breed under favorable circumstances is not known to us, but we should think it would be considerable, and the benefit that would be derived from having them in river water whence they could be taken ready soaked, would be enormous. Canned lobsters, too, might be grown in this manner, by crossing lobsters with some good variety of tin can, and feeding the animal with solder. Desiccated codfish also might be profitably cultivated by interbreeding the ordinary cod with a mince-meat machine. This system would give a pleasant diversity to the amusement of angling. The desiccated cod will not bite at a worm or rise to a fly; he has to be scooped up in a colander and drained off. Where oyster breeding is attempted, we would advise the planting of none but fried. The fried oyster is very much superior in our opinion, both as regards flavor and nutritiousness, to the kind that grow in shells, and he can be just as easily caught with the hook and line. Mock turtle for soup might be a valuable addition to the food animals of our rivers if it were attended to properly. It is bred best by causing calves' heads to spawn on force-meat balls, and it is in season during the same months of the year that gravy is. If the fish commissioners are really in earnest we shall have our rivers swarming with these delicious fish within a few years.

—Schermerhorn had a great dread of burglars, and was always on the look-out for them. The other night Mrs Schermerhorn, after retiring, happened to remember that she had left the clothes-horse too near the kitchen fire, so she rose and went down to move it. Schermerhorn was sound asleep at the time. But Mrs. Schermerhorn accidentally upset the clothes-horse and made a terrific clatter, which roused Schermerhorn. As he woke, he heard footsteps on the stairs, and concluding that his long-expected burglars at last had come, he rushed to the window, fired his revolver into the street, brandished his rattle and screamed for a moment and then dashed back to bed, and pulled the covers up over his head. Of course the firing and shrieking scared Mrs. Schermerhorn, and she sat down on the steps and emitted six or seven screams that would have made the voice of a fog-whistle seem but a whisper by comparison. Then Schermerhorn concluded that the burglars had taken Mrs. Schermerhorn out of the room while he slumbered and were butchering her on the mat in the entry. Then he pulled the covers higher over his head, and felt his hair creeping up toward the head-board. A minute later four policemen were battering at the front door, accompanied by one of the neighbors with a horse-pistol and a bull pup. When the door gave way, the crowd entered and swept Mrs. Schermerhorn before it and entered the bed-room. A policeman pulled the covers down, and the first thing Schermerhorn said was, "How many of them broke in?" Then the policemen laughed, and Mrs. Schermerhorn called him an old fool, and threatened to brain him with the cologne bottle. Schermerhorn said he knew it was Mrs. Schermerhorn all the time, and he fired his revolver at a cat, and he never was afraid of burglars anyhow, and he covered up his head merely because it was cold, and he hadn't been awake at any rate since he went to bed, and he would give the policemen five dollars a-piece to hush the matter up and keep it quiet. Schermerhorn is now regarded in the neighborhood as a dangerous man, only when you broach the subject of burglars in his presence.

—They have two very enthusiastic undertakers in Camden. They are always on the look-out for business, and always trying to get ahead of each other. The wife of a prominent citizen was known to be quite ill some time ago, and both undertakers made up their minds to provide the funeral if she should die. One Thursday night the husband dropped the paregoric bottle on the floor, and scared the invalid so that she gave a little scream. The next instant the family heard somebody staggering upstairs, knocking the paper off the wall with some kind of an implement. It was Jones, the undertaker, bringing up one of his patent hermetically sealed coffins. He had been waiting on the front step, and hearing the scream, concluded the end had come, and rushed in all ready. He dashed up the stairs as the husband opened the door, set the coffin and up on the carpet, and exclaimed eagerly: "Gimme the first chance! Bury her for forty dollars, with silver-plated trimmings!" Before the indignant man had time to reply, a noise was heard in the attic. Presently Brown, the other undertaker, appeared on the third story landing, and heaving one of his "incorrodible burial caskets" down the stairs, he slid down the bannister suddenly, and screamed, "Don't do it; I'll plant her for thirty-eight dollars; five off for cash, put a monogram on the casket and throw in a tombstone." Brown had been watching Jones, it seems, from the roof of the house next door, and would have beaten him, but the trap-door stuck. They were led away by a policeman, but before they had reached the corner of the street Jones had secured a contract for burying that policeman's mother-in-law, when she died. The policeman was not particular about details. "Only let it be deep," he said, "with something solid on top to hold her down."

RECEIPTS.

Potato Soup.—Boil and mash potatoes, about three pints when mashed to three quarts of rich beef stock, ready boiling. Add pepper and salt to taste, stir gradually into the boiling stock, then pass all through a sieve and return to the soup-kettle; simmer five minutes, and serve with fried bread, or if liked, a half-pint of peas boiled soft, one onion, one head of celery, two spoonfuls of rice may be put to the stock, well boiled, and the potatoes added when all are done, then pass through the sieve, return to soup-kettle, simmer five minutes and serve.

Delicious Breakfast Cake.—Sweet milk one quart, one and a quarter pints of fine sifted Indian meal, two eggs, and a little salt; bake forty minutes in a quick oven, bring to the table while hot, and serve with butter.

Good Breakfast Rolls.—Take two quarts of flour, make a hole in it and pour in one pint of milk that has been boiled with one cup of butter melted in it, and half a cup of good yeast. Let it stand without mixing two or three hours; then salt and knead it and let it rise again in the pans before baking. Bake in a quick oven about fifteen minutes.

AN AMENDED ANSWER.

Laura.—"Really, Harry, you shouldn't bring these things to me to be mended at this time of night."

Harry.—"Well, but, Lollie, you know 'It's never too late to mend!'"

THE TWO MORGANS.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

"But can't you think of some new young men, mamma?" demanded Ethel Thurstane, stopping her monotonous one, two, three, and casting the notes of a brilliant polka right and left. "I'm awfully tired of those two young doctors that come every year, who are always fighting about that poor, old Mrs. Gray—their only patient."

"*Fighting*, my dear?" asked her mother, rebukingly.

"Well, not exactly coming to blows. But you know very well that they always sit down on either side of that unfortunate woman, and look daggers at each other. I recollect last year I offered her a saucer of strawberries and cream. Don't take them, my dear Mrs. Gray, I implore you," said Dr. Merlin, 'they will certainly injure your liver.' 'Very beneficial, my dear madam,' put in Dr. Jones, 'I advise you to take a quart every day.' The poor woman looked at me beseechingly, so I just took a spoon, and began to feed her with 'em, while the two dragons watched me."

Eleanor Dalton laughed. Mrs. Thurstane frowned.

"I would be obliged to you, Miss Dalton, if you would refrain from encouraging Ethel in her foolishness. Drs. Merlin and Jones are very respectable young men."

"But, mamma, I won't have that clerk from the post-office. He's been at every garden-party since we came here. He has a red mustache, and he dies his hair purple. He's always following me about, and quoting pieces out of the Fourth Reader. I really can't have *him!*"

"But we must, my dear. He is a nephew of Brigadier-General Aristides Spurgeon."

Ethel screwed her face into an expression of deep disgust.

"Who next?" asked Eleanor Dalton, nibbling the end of her pen holder, and gazing longingly out into the sunlit garden.

"Why, mamma, you've forgotten the new arrival."

"There are two of them."

"How delightful! Two new men!" cried Ethel, waltzing airily around the room. "Are they both young? Are they both rich? If they are, Eleanor and I will divide."

"Ethel!"

"Mamma!"

"Stop this nonsense! Two Mr. Morgans have come to Thistlewood. They are cousins, I hear. One of them has lately inherited an immense fortune from his father. But I cannot discover which is the rich one. They are both staying at the Thistlewood Hotel, and they register their names H. Morgan."

"Invite them both, then," said Ethel, "and the horrid one will certainly be the rich one, for people never possess two good things."

"Well, Miss Eleanor, address an invitation to each. I've no doubt that we'll be able to distinguish them when they come. Wealth always confers a certain air, you know." And Mrs. Thurstane arose, rustling her voluminous ruffles and frills with what she meant to be "a certain air."

Eleanor Dalton hastily wrote the invitations.

"That's all, I believe, Miss Dalton," said Mrs. Thurstane, with a stately inclination of her head. "Come, Ethel, we must go to the dressmaker's."

At this moment two cards were brought in.

"'Henry Morgan' and 'Herbert Morgan,'" read Ethel, looking over her mother's shoulder. "Speak of a certain person—"

"Don't be vulgar, Ethel; show them in here, John."

"Oh, Eleanor, is my hair up rightly?" cried Ethel, rushing to a mirror, and throwing a paper of caramels under the piano. "Oh, Eleanor, how *do* I look?"

"As well as usual," returned Eleanor, looking composedly at Mrs. Thurstane for further orders.

"Hadn't you better go down and see the gardener about the decorations, Miss Dalton?"

Whenever eligible male visitors came, Mrs. Thurstane always asked some similar question. Her niece, Eleanor Dalton, was in her eyes a dangerous person. She had a beautiful face, regular features, a clear complexion, and an abundance of golden-brown hair; with eyes, lips, and dimples that were ever ready to break into a smile; moreover Mrs. Thurstane had a suspicion that she could be sarcastic.

Ethel Thurstane was a petite, pretty brunette, continually in a butterfly-like state of activity. Piquant and pretty as she looked in her well chosen morning costume, Eleanor, in her plain, dark dress, threw her entirely into the shade.

Mrs. Thurstane was well aware of this latter fact, and she generally preferred that her niece should not be present when gentlemen visitors arrived.

Eleanor arose to leave the room. She approached the door, but only to confront the two visitors. She hastily bowed in answer to their salutation, and made her escape into the garden.

Mrs. Thurstane was a widow, but she had been twice married, and Eleanor Dalton was her first husband's niece. When Eleanor's parents had died, Mrs. Thurstane, thinking that a well-educated young lady would be a very desirable companion for Ethel, had offered her a home. Eleanor, fearing to go out among strangers, had accepted the offer, and she now occupied an equivocal position between that of a governess and a maid-of-all-work in the Thurstane household. She was very weary of it all—the never-ceasing drudgery and daily insults; but to an inexperienced girl of nineteen there are few open roads to a livelihood.

Mrs. Thurstane's garden-party, on the last day of May, was an annual event in Thistlewood. Mrs. Thurstane had given one every year since she came to the place, and she invited everybody in the neighborhood who, in her estimation, was "in society." Her income was not large, and she expended every cent of it; she was a hard-working woman, and she toiled for one end—that Ethel might marry a wealthy man. People envied the leading lady of the small town of Thistlewood; they thought she was like the lilies of the field; but few of them knew how diligently she worked and planned.

The thirty-first of May was very near, but Eleanor forgot the preparations entirely, and wandered through the extensive grounds, enjoying the beauty of the day.

Eleanor heard a step behind her on the path. It was probably the old gardener. She stopped to pick the withered leaves of last year from a favorite rose-bush.

"Donald," she said, without turning round, "shall you have cut flowers enough?"

"More than enough," said a strong baritone voice, very unlike the thin quaver of the old gardener, "if you will give me that superb rosebud you are toying with."

Eleanor started. One of the Mr. Morgans was smiling upon her. He was a good-looking, quietly-dressed young man; there was honesty in his eyes and firmness about his mouth. Eleanor thought, and she added, to herself—

"They've monopolized the rich Morgan, and thrown the poor one on his own resources."

"I keep the roses of this bush for my particular friends," said Eleanor, looking toward him, and then bending over the rose-bush, seeming to forget him altogether.

"In that case, then, I'll hasten to become an acquaintance by introducing myself as a first step toward meriting a rose from that bush. I am Herbert Morgan, and you are"—he hesitated—"you are—"

"Myself."

"Miss Ethel Thurstane's sister?"

"Not at all. But as you have gratuitously informed me that you are Mr. Morgan, you may as well tell me what are the latest styles in the city."

"I really don't know," he returned, looking blank. "Don't you get the fashion-books here?"

"Oh, yes. But one prefers the testimony of an eye-witness to oceans of print."

"Well," he returned, "all I know is that you can't see the stage if there's a lady in front of you at the theatre."

"Now, Mr. Morgan, you really don't mean to say that every city dame is so dazzlingly beautiful that a man cannot look at anything else?"

"Oh, no! It's because of the confoundedly high head-gear that is worn."

"Don't blaspheme—don't!" she said, stopping her ears. "I intend to try that style myself."

Here was a chance for a compliment, and Eleanor was not sorry that the gentleman did not take advantage of it.

"It must be very pleasant to live in a city where one can hear exquisite music, see fine pictures, and get the choicest books," she continued.

"It is pleasant, if one has plenty of money."

"Your cousin must have a delightful time," she began, and then checked herself, fearing that her observation was not in good taste.

He waited for her to finish the sentence, and then said,

"Yes, he seems to enjoy life. Are you acquainted with him?"

"No."

Ethel now appeared, attended by a gentleman, who held a parasol over her head. He was the other Mr. Morgan. They came down the path in the direction of the gate. Ethel introduced both Mr. Morgans to Eleanor, while Mrs. Thurstane angrily watched the proceeding from a window.

Mr. Henry Morgan was handsome, tall, and distinguished-looking; but after he had spoken a few words, Eleanor concluded, in her hasty way, that he was careless and superficial. His costume was rather too showy, and he seemed to be very conscious of his extremely light and tight gloves.

Ethel had evidently come to the conclusion that a man might be rich without being horrid, for she chirped away merrily to her tall escort; and when the two gentlemen had taken their leave, she declared that Mr. Henry Morgan was the nicest person she had ever known! "Nice" and "horrid" were Miss Thurstane's favorite adjectives.

"There's such a difference between those men," said Mrs. Thurstane. People may talk about blood and all that, my dear Ethel, but there's nothing like wealth. The moment I saw those two Morgans, I knew which was the rich one. Compare Mr. Henry's perfect dress with the rather shabby attire of his cousin. *That* was sufficient to enlighten me."

"What is the other one's occupation?" asked Eleanor.

"I don't think it can possibly concern you, Miss Dalton."

"Don't be so cross, *chère maman*," sang Ethel, capriciously adapting her words to some bars of a polka she was practising. "Somebody told us—one, two, three—somebody told us that he did the sketches for an illustrated journal. If he'd sketch his own face—one, two, three—everybody would be eager to see such a miracle of ugliness."

"Indeed!" said Eleanor. "I think he is better-looking than his cousin."

"Do you, really?" asked Ethel, astonished. "I think he's horrid. Do you *really* think he's nice?"

Eleanor did think so, and he had nearly the same opinion of her.

All Thistlewood eagerly anticipated Mrs. Thurstane's garden-party. Ethel fluttered uselessly about the house and garden, marvellously busy in appearance, but in reality doing nothing. During the few days preceding the *fête*, the whole weight of the preparations fell on the over-tasked Eleanor. The two Morgans came over, and insisted on being made useful. Mrs. Thurstane smiled complacently as she noticed that Henry Morgan was Ethel's constant attendant; but she thought "that other fellow" paid entirely too much attention to Eleanor Dalton.

On the evening preceding the last of May, Henry Morgan and Ethel sat a long while in the twilight, on the piazza. Mrs. Thurstane was very angry when Eleanor offered to take out Ethel's shawl.

Herbert Morgan had remained later than usual this evening. Mrs. Thurstane persistently stayed in the parlor. At last Herbert arose, and offering his arm to Eleanor, asked if she wouldn't take a walk. Eleanor had been in the house all day, and she was eager for a breath of fresh air, so she consented with pleasure to his proposal.

"The night air is deleterious," observed Mrs. Thurstane, severely.

"Shall I tell Ethel to come in?" asked Eleanor, innocently.

"Constitutions differ," was Mrs. Thurstane's oracular response.

Herbert and Eleanor walked leisurely down the path, talking of the arrangements for to-morrow's party. They reached Eleanor's rose-bush.

"May I take a rose now?" asked Herbert.

"No," responded Eleanor. "I told you that those flowers are for my friends."

"Then I am either more or less than a friend."

"Considerably less—an acquaintance of a week's standing." Eleanor laughed and tried to withdraw her hand from his arm. His tone made her wish she had not come out.

"Well," he said, imprisoning her hand, "I've something to say to you, and I may as well say it. I haven't time to beat around the bush, for I'll have to leave Thistlewood on business of importance the day after to-morrow. After the first day I met you I determined that if you wouldn't be Mrs. Herbert Morgan, nobody ever should."

"A very foolish determination," said Eleanor, demurely, though feeling very glad.

"Answer me, Eleanor Dalton. Will you be my wife?"

"Good gracious! How ridiculously sudden!"

"Now or never. If you will not be my wife, I will never marry anybody!"

"Bachelors are generally selfish," said Eleanor, musingly, "and if I thought the sacrifice of my inclinations would preserve you from selfishness, I'd say—"

"Yes?"

"I'd say," composedly continued Eleanor, "that I'd think about it."

But before he returned with her to the house he had obtained the answer that he wanted, and these two straightforward, matter-of-fact people had in half an hour's time been made happy.

As they stole into the dimly-lighted parlor, they saw Henry Morgan and Ethel standing near Mrs. Thurstane's seat. Ethel seemed to be divided between smiles and tears.

"Mamma," she was saying in her sweet, chirping voice, "dear Harry asked me if I would love him always and be his wife. I said I would."

Mrs. Thurstane drew out her handkerchief and wiped away some imaginary tears.

"Bless you, my children," she said, softly, "be happy."

Herbert squeezed Eleanor's hand. Eleanor dropped a tear in sympathy.

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Thurstane. I was afraid you'd make a fuss," broke in Henry Morgan, enthusiastic in his gratitude. "And Ethel is sure that we can live on a thousand dollars a year."

"A thousand dollars a year!" repeated Mrs. Thurstane. "What do you mean?"

"Indeed, Mrs. Thurstane," said Harry, earnestly, "I make nearly that much now, and old Mudget of the Illustrated—"

"What does this mean?" demanded Mrs. Thurstane in tones sufficiently deep to have rivalled those of the renowned Mrs. Siddons. "Have I been deceived? I have been informed, on good authority, that you are worth at least five hundred thousand."

"Oh, no, ma'am! that's my cousin!" said Henry, as if it was a matter of small importance.

Mrs. Thurstane murmured the word "impostor," in the lowest note on the scale; then she screamed it on the highest, and then she went into hysterics.

It was quite operatic, Henry Morgan said afterward.

There was no garden-party the following day. Mrs. Thurstane was indisposed. All Thistlewood was very sorry, of course, but all Thistlewood united in pronouncing Mrs. Thurstane an unreasonable woman. The idea of inviting people to a May-party, and then being indisposed!

All Thistlewood forgave her, however, when she made a virtue of necessity and gave a grand *fête* on the occasion of the double wedding of the Morgans.

She distrusts appearances now.

☞ Rights.—Some men make a great flourish about always doing what they believe to be right, but always manage to believe that is right which is for their own interest.

☞ Permanence of Kindness.—Write your name with kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

Answers to Correspondents.

Pay Your Postage.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

H. T. W., (Gold Hill, Nev.,) asks: "Where can I get the books of Lieut. Wise? I have written to several publishers, but cannot get them, nor ascertain who publishes them. They are these: Los Gringos, Tales from the Mariners, and Scampavia. Also, I would consider it a favor if you would publish in your paper a poem of Albert Pike's, called The Old Canoe. It is a beautiful little poem, and I would like to get it again." They were published by Charles Scribner, of New York. Address Scribner & Co., New York. We have no copy of the poem on hand, or we would be happy to oblige you.

F. N. B. says: "Having received a great deal of information as well as amusement from reading your answers to correspondents, I venture to hope you will answer a few for me. In Tennyson's 'Dream of Fair Women,' who is the one that is described as being 'a daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair?' Was it Helen? and if so, who was the next, 'she with sick and scornful looks averse?' Who was the author of

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To win or lose it all?'"

The first was Helen, the second Iphigenia, daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, who was to be offered as a sacrifice to Diana, in consequence of a vow of her father's. But at the last moment the goddess relented, and the maid disappeared, an animal appearing in her place. The verses occur in a song by the Marquis of Montrose, called "My dear and only love."

O. B. G., (Philadelphia,) asks: "Will you be so kind as to give me a recipe for some good home-made candy? and please tell me when you think the new public buildings will be completed? How can I improve my writing?" You are asking rather too much of us. There is such an endless variety of confectionery, and you give us so little idea of the sort of candy desired, that the probability would be that after we had taken the trouble to give you one recipe out of the million, it might be something different from what you wish. You should have placed your question in a more limited form. As for the public buildings, a strong effort will be made to have them as nearly finished as possible by the Centennial. But it may be several years afterwards before they receive their finishing touch. Practice and care are the best recipes to improve your writing.

Bertie, (Philadelphia,) asks: "Will you be kind enough to answer the following: 1 t. Is it proper, when a lady becomes acquainted with a gentleman, to ask him to call on her? 2d. I am eighteen. Do you consider me a proper age to keep company? 3d. Would it be improper for a gentleman to escort a lady to her place of business every morning, when his place of business lies in the same direction? 4th. What do you think of my penmanship?" 1st. Yes, if well acquainted. 2d. If as womanly as many are at your age, we see no objection to gentlemen calling upon you. 3d. We see no objection to it. But of course people will talk. 4th. It is rather good.

Mattie wishes to know: "1st. What system of geography do you think best for free schools? 2d. When is the great Industrial Exposition to come off in Vienna? 3d. Where is Danbury? 4th. What is your opinion of my writing? Will it do for a copyist?" 1st. There are so many systems of nearly equal merit, that we would rather not name any. 2d. It opened the first of May. 3d. In Connecticut. 4th. It is moderately good, and might answer, with some improvement.

Lillie, (Oneida, N. Y.) says: "Being now a constant reader of your paper, I take the liberty of asking a few questions. What is the best remedy you know of to whiten the skin, and to lighten freckles, and to whiten red hands? Also, there was a recipe in your paper once of some mixture to be smeared in kid gloves and to be worn at night. Please to repeat it? Do you know of anything that will make the hair curl easy?" There are many mixtures sold as cosmetics, but we can recommend none of them, as they are mostly dangerous. The safest remedy is a cheerful mind, habits of industry, frequent use of the bath, and simple elder-flower water as a wash for the face. For freckles grate horseradish very fine, steep in buttermilk for several hours, strain, and use as a wash night and morning. We do not remember the recipe you mention.

Mrs. H. P. T., (Phila.,) writes: "Seeing an article in your paper, in which a recipe for 'Lemon Butter' is asked for, I take the liberty of sending the following, knowing it to be a good one:—Lemon Butter: 1 lb. sugar, 6 eggs, 1-2 lb. butter, juice and grated rind of two lemons. Beat the eggs very light, then add the sugar, melted butter and lemon; after beating well, place in a porcelain kettle, over a slow fire, and stir well, until it comes to a boil."

New Subscriber, (Trenton, N. J.,) asks: "Will you inform me of any work on grammar that will assist me in obtaining a practical knowledge of the science of the English language? 2d. The Bible mentions only four persons up to the time of Cain's marriage. Who was his wife, and who her people? 3d. What became of General Scheibe after the battle of Port Republic, Va.? 4th. At what price will you send the Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, also Shakspeare? 5th. What book would assist the most in the study of human nature? 6th. What do you think of Mesmerism?" 1st. The English language in its elements and forms, by W. C. Fowler, is a very good work for the purpose you mention. 2d. That has puzzled wiser heads than ours. We can only suppose that the Bible gives a condensed account, omitting many minor particulars, and that Cain may have married at a great age, after the descendants of Adam had considerably increased. 3d. He took no further prominent part in the war. If we remember rightly, he left the army and went to reside in California. 4th. $12.00. From $5.00 to $20.00 for Shakspeare. 5th. There are numerous works touching on that subject. We may name "The Philosophy of Human Nature," by F. R. Brewster, "The Dignity of Human Nature," by J. Burgh, and "A Treatise on Human Nature," by D. Hume. 6th. We think that it is founded on fact, but that the superstructure is very shaky and unreliable. There have been many strange psychological phenomena brought to light of late years, and there have likewise been many ridiculous theories built upon them.

Kbrett N. Evans. Your article is very respectfully declined.

(Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.)

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

BURIED CHARADE.

FIRST—A BIRD.

At the time of the flood
All nature was dark;
And Noah commanded
The wonderful ark!

SECOND—PART OF A MOUNTAIN.

Not a soul in the room;
Nobody was stirring;
Not a sound to be heard,
But the pussy-cat's purring.

WHOLE—A FLOWER.

How pleasant to roam
"By the dawn's early light,"
When the sky-larks pursue
Their heavenward flight.

GAHMEW.

Fort Totten, D. T.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 17, 1, 15, 6, is a noted city.
My 12, 7, 10, 16, 3, 5, is a character in Pickwick.
My 18, 4, 20, is a beautiful plant.
My 8 14, 19, is an adverb.
My 12, 11, 8, 9, is a character in Our Mutual Friend.
My 3, 7, 18, are vowels.
My whole is a writer for the Post.

SALLIE AND FANNIE.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

ENIGMA.—

Love took up the glass of time,
And turned it in his glowing hands;
Every moment lightly shaken,
Ran itself in golden sands.

ANAGRAMS.—1. Pittsburg Landing. 2. New Orleans. 3. Blenheim. 4. Waterloo. 5. Boyne. 6. Sebastopol. 7. Bosworth. 8. Antietam. 9. Bull Run. 10. Acre.

BURIED TOWNS.—1. Barnet. 2. Peacham. 3. Burke. 4. Derby.